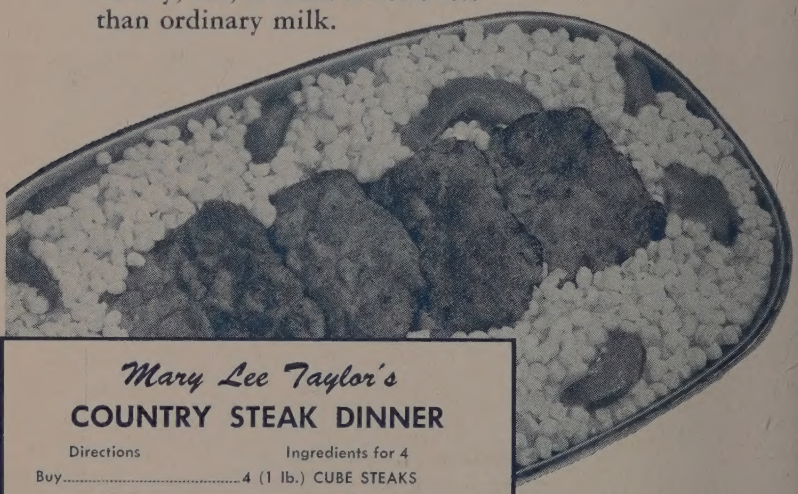
The Relief Society Magazine

41 : NO 5

MAY 1954

A Man's Idea of a ONE-DISH MEAL!

They'll all come running for this hearty dish! These tempting cube steaks taste better—and go farther — because they're prepared with Sego Milk. Double-rich Sego Milk adds extra flavor and smoothness to so many dishes — and saves money, too, because it costs less than ordinary milk.



Mary Lee Taylor's COUNTRY STEAK DINNER

Directions	Ingredients for 4
Buy	4 (1 lb.) CUBE STEAKS
Roll steaks in a mixture of	⅔ cup, fine, dry BREAD CRUMBS 1 teasp. SALT ⅛ teasp. PEPPER
Dip the steaks into	½ cup SEGO Evaporated Milk
Roll again in crumbs. Brown slowly, 5 min. on each side, in ⅛-inch hot fat. Cover tightly; cook very slowly 10 min. or until tender. Remove to warm platter. Keep hot.	
Add to fat in skillet and cook slowly 5 minutes	¼ cup finely cut ONION
Drain and save the juice from	2 cups (1-lb. can) canned TOMATOES
Blend into mixture in skillet	2 Tablesp. FLOUR 1 teasp. SALT ⅛ teasp. PEPPER
Stir in ½ cup of the tomato juice.	
Cook and stir over low heat until mixture is thick, about 2 minutes.	
Stir in tomatoes and drained	2 cups canned, whole kernel CORN (1-lb. can)
Heat until steaming hot. Put corn mixture around steaks.	

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Maytime in the Valley

Beatrice K. Ekman

The sun has climbed the morning stair
And myriad insects strum the air;
Out of the meadow lark's smooth throat
Melodic strains of rapture float
Across the valley's pulsing breast.
From mountains east to mountains west,
The emerald robe of spring is laid,
Dappled with sunlight and cloud shade.
The sego-lily chalice spills
Gold pollen on the kneeling hills;
From rock-walled canyons, clear streams flow
To the lush pasture lands below,
Where spiders weave a silver loom
On wild rose hedges, pink with bloom;
And blossomed plum adds nuances of grace
With airy petals of white lace.

The Cover: Channel Drive, Santa Barbara, California
Photograph by Josef Muench
Frontispiece: White Carnations, Photograph by Ward Linton
Cover Design by Evan Jensen

Mother's Influence

Edith Price Backman
Member, General Board of Relief Society

Her children rise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her (Proverbs 31:28).

WE are commanded to:

Honour thy father and thy mother, as the Lord thy God hath commanded thee; that thy days may be prolonged, and that it may go well with thee, in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee (Deut. 5:16).

It is gratifying that our nation has sought to encourage and cultivate every sentiment which binds men and women to the home and which exalts motherhood.

There cannot be homes without mothers, for they are the homemakers; and without homes the nation cannot long endure.

A man's success and triumphs mean more to his mother than to himself. She never loses faith in him; she never forgets him; she never forsakes him. Her implicit faith in him is one of the beautiful things in life and a great influence in the world. Joseph Smith said, "The love of a true mother comes nearer being like the love of God than any other kind of love."

Mothers had a great influence in establishing The Church of Jesus Christ in this dispensation. They experienced the hardships, persecutions, and privations incident to pioneer life. Because of their true testimony of the divinity of Jesus Christ, they were able to brave the many hardships which they encountered. From the lives of these great women may we learn to sacrifice more, to give more of our real selves to the work of God, to instill in our children an abiding testimony, and a desire to serve him and keep his commandments.

Many widows' sons have achieved nobly in the earth, and have attributed their success to the teachings and influence of their mothers. President Heber J. Grant gave us this burning testimony of what his mother meant to him:

> I live today as one whose mother was all to me. She set an example of integrity, of devotion and love, and of determination and honor second to none. Her life was a sermon that rings through my soul to this day. One of the main reasons I am President of the Church today is that I have followed the advice and counsel and the burning testimony of the Lord Jesus Christ, which came to me from my Mother.

During the troubled war days of George Washington, Mary Ball Washington, mother of the First President of the United States, in order to keep her faith strong would often say, "The mothers and wives of brave men must be brave women." She also said, "George is apt to succeed in anything he undertakes. He was always a good boy." This is an example of the implicit faith and confidence a mother has in her children.

Nancy Hanks, mother of Lincoln, was a woman of simplicity and strength, living in the poorest kind of shack in the wilderness of Kentucky. Even though she may have

felt the pinch of poverty, she did her duty toward this boy tenderly. As she spoke some of her last words to her nine-year-old son, this was her plea, her hope, "Be somebody, Abe." His kindness, humor, humility, and his hatred of slavery came from his mother. His love and affection for her were expressed in the statement he made saying, "All that I am or all that I ever hope to be I owe to my angel mother."

IN our own Book of Mormon, when the Nephites and the Lamanites were warring among themselves, they were given certain promises if they would keep the commandments of God, and told if they did not, destruction would follow. Then we have the marvelous record of two thousand Lamanite boys—just boys—who joined the army of the Nephites in order to help preserve themselves and their families. But they had been taught by their mothers that God would protect them if they would do their duty.

These two thousand boys, part of the army of the Nephites, went into battle repeatedly, and the last struggle was so terrible that, we are told, all were wounded. When Helaman, their captain, saw their enemies driven away he was anxious for his young charges (he called them striplings, just boys) and he went among the dead and gathered them to find out how many were living. He found everyone of them alive, although many had fainted from the loss of blood.

When Helaman, who was amazed at their miraculous preservation, questioned them concerning it, their response was one of the greatest compliments to motherhood to be found anywhere: ". . . We do not doubt our mothers knew it" (Alma 56:48).

They believed what their mothers taught them. They had faith in God. They were preserved, and they helped save their homes and families from destruction.

Some mothers have fallen below these standards, and some have exerted but little influence in the world. There are many women, who because of riches or other influences, have become idle, selfish, and miserable. They are not the mothers who inspire their children to become the leaders of men; but the overwhelming majority of mothers are brave, pure, sincere, and self-forgetful.

The observance of Mother's Day has created an opportunity to express the love and gratitude we feel toward our mothers. Many beautiful tributes and honors are heaped upon us that day. Have we magnified our greatest of all callings, motherhood? Are we, as mothers in Zion, worthy of all these beautiful tributes? Are we living up to our obligations as mothers in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to teach our children the truths of the gospel, and to be living examples of its principles?

We read in Proverbs 22:6:

> Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it.

If we teach our children to honor the Priesthood, the sanctity of eternal marriage, to keep the Sabbath day holy, to observe the law

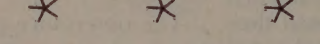
of tithing, to hold family prayer, to be honest, truthful, and virtuous, to have love in their hearts for one another and for their Heavenly Father, we know they will not depart from these teachings. Every day will be Mother's Day, and our children will grow and develop to be useful men and women, upholding the highest ideals and principles of the gospel.

A report was given in a recent stake conference that only one half of the missionaries interviewed in that stake to go on missions for the Church, reported family prayers were being held in their homes. Think what a priceless opportunity the parents of these young men are losing by not having family prayers, where the bonds of love, unity, and security could be established permanently in the home.

President David O. McKay said:

> One of the greatest needs in the world today is intelligent, conscientious motherhood. It is to the home we must look for the inculcation of the fundamental virtues which contribute to human welfare and happiness. Motherhood is the greatest potential influence either for good or ill in human life.

May we as mothers be that potential influence for good in our families and realize the highest ambition of true mothers, that of rearing families of noble, successful, righteous children, who will arise up and call us blessed.



A Mother's Prayer for Her Son

Wilma B. Bunker

BUILD me a son, O Lord, wise enough to know the right and brave enough to do it. May he be as strong in defeat as in victory. Rear him, I pray, not in the ways of ease and comfort, but under the stress of difficulties and challenges. Give him the strength to meet these challenges with courage and resolution.

May his daily life be clean and triumphant, his goal high and worthy. Teach him that mastery of self always precedes mastery of others.

Build me a son who will have compassion for those who have failed and forgiveness for those who have hurt him. Help him to realize that true happiness comes from service to others—to forget oneself in a great and good cause.

And after all these are his, add, I pray, enough of a sense of humor so that he will not take himself too seriously; enough optimism so that those around him are lifted up; and enough humility so that he will never cease to be modest, humble, and unpretending.

And help him, O Lord, to remember that thou art ever present if he will but seek thee, I pray.

The Birth of a Heritage — The Gospel in England

Elsie Scott

MEMBERS of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints who visit Preston, England, whether they be from other towns in Great Britain or from America, almost invariably express the pleasure and interest they feel in being privileged to visit this historic town and to see the places which played such a vital part in the propagation of the gospel in this land.

It was about four in the afternoon of the 22d of July 1837 that Heber C. Kimball, Willard Richards, Orson Hyde, and Joseph Fielding, with three brethren from Canada, John Goodson, Isaac Russell, and John Snyder, arrived in Preston. They had landed in Liverpool, but lingered there only long enough to seek guidance from the Lord, and in answer to their prayers were directed to continue their journey to Preston, another thirty miles — a much longer journey then than it is today.

Elections, commanded by the new Queen Victoria, were taking place with much celebration as these weary men, strangers in a strange land, entered the town of Preston. They were heartened by the message on a banner unfurled, almost above their heads, which stated in gilt letters "Truth Will Prevail." An omen? A message to the messengers? Truth did indeed prevail.

It was opportune that one of the missionaries, Joseph Fielding, had a brother in Preston, a minister, and while Joseph went to visit with his brother, the other brethren found lodging in Wilfred Street, but visited with the Rev. James Fielding on the evening of arrival where they discussed the restoration of the gospel. An invitation to attend the Vaux Hall chapel next day was speedily accepted, as was the later invitation to address the congregation. This was a direct answer to the prayer of Heber C. Kimball that the Lord would open the way for them to preach.

Viewing the sadly forsaken, dilapidated chapel today, with its rows of empty seats, it is difficult to imagine the large congregation that gathered on that Sabbath day to hear these strange men who spoke of angels again visiting the earth, restoring the gospel in all its truth to men.

Of that first public meeting to be held in Great Britain on the 23d of July 1837, Elder Kimball has this to say:

> I declared that an angel had visited the earth and committed the everlasting Gospel to man; called their attention to the first principles of the Gospel; and gave them a brief history of the work which the Lord had commenced on the earth; after which Elder Hyde bore testimony to the same, which was received by many with whom I afterwards conversed; they cried, "Glory to God," and rejoiced that the Lord had sent His servants unto them. Thus was the key turned and the Gospel dispensation opened on the

first Sabbath after landing in England (WHITNEY, ORSON F.: *Life of Heber C. Kimball*, page 125).

THAT the field was white and ready to harvest is proved by the way the people of Preston accepted the message and flocked to hear more of the glorious truths. The Rev. James Fielding, finding his congregation, and with them his livelihood, leaving, closed the chapel doors to the missionaries, but the Lord's work could not be impeded, and many of the people invited the elders to preach in their homes. So great was their success that several people were anxious to be baptized at the end of the elders' first week in England.

No person who reads the Bible and believes can doubt the existence of evil spirits, and it was in the room where the elders lodged in Wilfred Street, the encounter with the hosts of evil occurred, on the morning of the day on which the baptisms were to be performed, Sunday, 30th July, 1837.

Enraged, no doubt, at the success the elders were having in guiding the people in the truth, the forces of evil made a determined effort to destroy the lives and plans of the missionaries. Heber C. Kimball recounts:

About daybreak Elder Isaac Russell who slept with Elder Richards in Wilfred Street, came up to the third story, where Elder Hyde and myself were sleeping, and called out, "Brother Kimball, I want you should get up and pray for me that I may be delivered from the evil spirits that are tormenting me to such a

Courtesy Church Historian's Office

VAUX HALL, PRESTON, ENGLAND

INTERIOR OF THE PRESTON BRANCH CHAPEL

degree that I feel I cannot live long unless I obtain relief (WHITNEY, ORSON F.: *Life of Heber C. Kimball*, page 129).

The elders arose and laid their hands on the tormented man, Elder Kimball being mouth, and prayed to the Lord, and rebuked the devil, but Elder Kimball himself was struck by some unseen power and fell senseless on the floor. When he recovered, they continued to pray, and a vision was opened to the minds of these great men. They saw legions of evil spirits coming towards them like armies rushing to battle, angry and desperate. Is it to be wondered at that Elder Kimball stated that he could never look back on that scene without feelings of horror? Yet by it, horrifying though it was, they learned the great power of the opposing forces and the Lord did not forsake them.

THOSE early missionaries had undaunted faith; they had a strong testimony of the divinity of the work they were called to do; and not all the power of hell could turn them from their purpose. Indeed, it is likely that their vision strengthened their testimonies and their determination to go forward and spread the gospel to all who would hear it.

And so the time set for the baptisms found the elders on the banks of the River Ribble, which runs through Preston. They were not alone, however. Great interest had been aroused in the minds of the people. Baptizing as practiced by this strange new Church was something unheard of, and it is recorded that between seven and nine thousand people gathered to witness the baptisms of these first nine converts. There is a story told about the first woman in England to enter the waters of baptism. She was Ann Elizabeth Walmsley, who is said to have been in the last stages of tuberculosis, and had been warned by her doctor that to enter the cold waters of the river would be fatal for her. Her faith was strong, however, and she was carried to the riverside and was baptized.

What stories this picturesque river could tell if it were able to speak! But surely none would be more inspiring than the events of that Sabbath. Only on one other such occasion has an event attracted people in their thousands, and that was the visit of President Heber J. Grant, who unveiled the plaque on the 27th of July 1937, commemmorating those first baptisms a century before. Preston Branch holds a firm place in the British Mission, and proud are the Preston saints of their heritage and their lovely new chapel.

* * * *

Coronation

Roxana Farnsworth Hase

OUT of doors Spring stretched her graceful, fragrant fingers almost across the pebbled walk leading up to the white house. It was as though she wished that she might venture clear inside. Yet, a bit of her glory was there, for the second daughter had gathered enough lovely white blossoms to fill the blue vase on the table in the room. She had taken them in quietly, and no one had bade her stay. Perhaps they thought her too young.

The room was hushed, as though church might be about to begin. Yet, this was not a church, but a small, clean room. The people there were assembled for a particular purpose. Each one was busy with his or her own thoughts and tasks. This was an eventful day.

The world at large had never even heard of the woman who was soon to be crowned a queen there. She was young and beautiful, with a certain radiance of countenance hard to describe. Her coronation was not a sudden, spur of the moment thing, as though someone had abdicated. It had been in preparation for almost a year. The principals had been well instructed as to what to expect and do.

The preparations, while adequate, were by no means elaborate. The queen's gown was of snowy white cotton. It boasted no fine handmade imported lace or golden threads. There was no mile-long train, no ermine robe, no richly accoutered retinue, no high-stepping steeds with rich trappings. Missing was the martial music and gay aplomb, yet the expectancy of the moment filled all the room.

The one person who could make the coronation a certainty had not yet arrived. It was this momentarily expected presence which gave such a somber air to the proceedings.

Off to one side an elderly lady was praying with bowed head. She was the queen mother, and perhaps the most concerned of all, to have everything go off well. The queen herself, as she waited almost breathlessly, seemed in a tranquil state, for this was her day.

The silence became more intense. No one so much as whispered. Then in an instant all was changed. The awaited guest had arrived!

"It is a boy!" the doctor announced happily, and a lusty wail let everyone know that the prince was very much alive.

The young man gathered the queen into his arms and kissed her as he smoothed her shining hair. In her eyes was a radiance that seemed brighter than stardust to him; his eyes were misty because the woman who had just received the most precious crown in all the world, the Crown of Motherhood, was his wife.

Lest She Forget

Hazel K. Todd

MARTHA had always known through those three wonderful years that some day Linda's father Kent would come and take her away. She would see him, in imagination, coming through the apple orchard up the currant bush path that led to the home where she and Chris lived. She would see Kent's lean frame and his dark hair and the stride of his long legs. He would come and take away his child even as he had brought her that spring morning after her mother had been buried in the hillside cemetery. And then she and Chris would be left lonely and childless again, just as they had been before the loan of the tiny bit of sunshine that had filled the empty places with laughter and the long days and evenings with useful things to do.

Martha tried not to think of that time, but it had a cruel way of slipping onto her unexpectedly in the night when the crickets kept her awake, or when Linda sat at her knee and she brushed the shining ripples of her yellow hair. Sometimes it cut her like a keen-edged knife when she saw Chris carrying Linda on his shoulders and chanting to her one of his funny rhymes.

Just as now, she saw them coming through the orchard, Chris holding to Linda's bare legs that were round his neck. The little girl had a sprig of apple blossom stuck jauntily into her hair and she laughed merrily while Chris, in his deep, good natured voice sang out the words:

Bow wow wow,
The beggars are coming to town
Some in rags, some in shags,
And some in silken gowns . . . .

Chris saw Martha then where she sat with her pan of strawberries on the garden bench. With an upward swing of his big arm, he slid his burden gently to the ground, and the little girl came running to Martha. She scrambled onto the bench and grasped the woman by the neck.

"Guess what, Aunt Martha!" she babbled with excitement.

"What?" Martha asked with interest.

"Chris's goin' to build me a playhouse!"

"A playhouse?" Martha exclaimed, kissing the child's hands round her neck.

"A house with a chimney and a table and a cupboard, and . . . ."

"Wonderful!" Martha tried to squeeze the ache from her heart.

"May I go tell Peter?" the child asked, still bubbling.

"Why, I guess so, if you won't be late for supper," Martha said, and she watched the little girl run away on nimble bare legs across the orchard path.

"Like a fairy elf," she whispered, and Chris came and sat down by her. He lifted the pan of berries from her lap and set them on the edge of the bench. "Could it be we're going to have strawberry pie for supper?" he asked, resting his hand affectionately on hers.

MARTHA half smiled at him and then suddenly she clutched his arm, "Oh, how can we ever give her up, Chris?" she held onto him desperately.

Chris patted her hand reassuringly. He was always so calm about it. But she saw him gaze out across the apple trees to the green roof of the house beyond where Linda's parents had lived. "Three years is a long time, Martha. I have been thinking that maybe Kent will never come back."

But Martha knew that Chris knew better. And after he had gone she still kept looking at the green roof that had become in the three years, an emblem to remind her that Linda was not really hers. She went back again to the days when Kent and Ann had lived there together. They had been so much in love. And she had shared with Ann the coming of her baby, a joy that would never be her own. But Ann had never been well after the birth of little Linda. More and more she had relied on Martha to help her with the baby and her other home responsibilities. And then had come the time when she could no longer take care of them at all. So she had died, and they had buried her in the hillside cemetery. Kent's grief had been an awful thing.

In the early morning he had come to her carrying Linda, scarcely more than a year old. He had laid the tiny, golden-haired girl in her arms while his voice choked with tears. "Take care of her, Martha, for me. I know you and Chris will do it better than anyone else in the world. When I can stand it alone here without Ann I will come back. Just for a little while, Martha." And then he had gone hurriedly down the path by the currant bushes, leaving Linda whimpering for her mother.

Since then time had fled on wings of lightning for Martha, busy with her new-found joy. The days had lengthened into weeks and months. Three times the apple trees had bloomed. There had been brief messages from Kent, from different corners of the earth, and gifts for Linda, who babbled about a daddy that she couldn't remember, while Linda's life wound itself tighter and tighter around the hearts of two lonely people.

MARTHA was brought back from her reverie by the voices of Linda and Peter. They were coming through the orchard from Peter's home, where he lived alone with his aged grandmother. Linda, skipping and Peter with his ragged overalls, his hundreds of freckles, and his stick horse that bucked and galloped for Linda's attention.

"Aunt Martha, where is Chris?" Linda soon wanted to know. "Has he got my playhouse builded yet? Peter wants to see my playhouse."

"Already?" Martha laughed. "Why, darling, it takes days and days to build a playhouse. But I am sure Peter can see it when it's built."

Peter grinned, showing a vacant space in his upper tooth row.

Chris came then and took turns with the two children, bucking and galloping like a wild horse around the giant tree until he was so worn out he had to sit down on the ground to rest.

"Will you build my playhouse tomorrow?" Linda wanted to know emphatically, as she climbed onto his knee.

"If you will first let me tickle your toes and then your nose," Chris said to her with a funny wink. And she pulled his nose in merriment.

But to Martha there was something ominous about the playhouse, as though it were a foreboding of disaster. Perhaps it was because she thought of it as something permanent, something to last through the years, the ones that were so uncertain. Even when she measured the tiny windows and planned the pink ruffled curtains, she had to shake off a sense of calamity. Too often she caught herself staring at the green roof beyond the apple trees. At night when she had tucked Linda into bed she found it almost impossible to tear herself away from the child's bed. Once when she sat thus, staring at the sleeping child, she turned and caught Chris watching her from the doorway. She was almost embarrassed, and in her bewilderment she went to him and slipped her hand into his.

He squeezed it without saying anything.

Suddenly she turned to him impulsively and said, "Oh, Chris, what is wrong about the playhouse? I feel as though it were taking Linda away from me!"

Then Chris let go her hand and held onto her arms with his two strong hands. He looked down into her face in tender solicitude. "Martha, don't let this come over you. It is the one thing I have been afraid of since that morning when Kent left us his little girl. Perhaps she will always be ours, but, if she isn't, we must remember—we must not forget the things that are left!"

Martha understood. It seemed she had always to be reminded. She looked at Chris gratefully. Big, understanding Chris! He had always come to her in her desperate moments. "Forgive me, Chris," she said. "It is a wonderful playhouse. Tomorrow I will finish the curtains."

AND so the next evening Martha sat on the garden bench and stitched the pink curtains while Linda played with Peter in the sand pile. A little while ago she had seen him tickling her legs with a long stick and Linda had chased him around the apple tree with a bucket of sand, but now they were busy sticking sprigs of apple blossom into the tiny rows of sand they had made. Martha was finishing a red rosette on the tie-back. She laid it in her lap and looked up from the intricate work a moment to rest her eyes. And then she saw Kent as she always knew she would, coming up the path through the apple orchard, his long stride rapidly measuring off the distance between them.

She watched him coming as though in a dream. Suddenly it was a crazy world that reeled and swirled, with somewhere a familiar face from out of the past that went round and round and presently came to a standstill immediately before her, so close that she could see the gray of his hair. It was appalling! Only three years ago his hair had been completely a dark brown, and now the temples were entirely

white, with streaks of gray throughout his head. Her lips formed the words, but it was a long time before she could make the sound come. "You—you have come for her!"

"Don't you think it is about time?" Kent asked, watching her intently.

"But—but you have been gone so long . . . ."

"Don't you remember, Martha, I said I would come back?"

Then she felt Chris beside her, felt the strength come into her numbed body, and she could think. Chris was putting out his hand to the man standing there by the apple tree. "Kent, old man, it's good to see you."

Martha stood up, trying to think of the things she must do. "Linda!" she called, and the little girl came skipping her one-leg skip. "Your . . . daddy is here."

MARTHA watched while every fibre of her body wanted to cry out in rebellion, as the little girl came hesitantly forward. Her hair was tousled from her play, but never before had Martha seen the lights shine so in it. Her hand slid into its yellow glory while she watched the man before them.

He caught his breath quickly, and impulsively put out his hand. "Linda—Linda—my little girl!" She came forward then, and he leaned and lifted her into his arms. He ran his fingers through her curls. "You are the picture of your mother," he said.

"Aunt Martha says I have honey-candy hair," Linda said.

"Yes, Linda, like hers—wild honey hair. Tell me, are you a good girl? Do you do what Aunt Martha and Chris tell you to?"

"Peter doesn't mind his grandmother sometimes," the little girl said. "Sometimes he comes over here when she doesn't know it."

"Now, who could Peter be?"

The child pointed her finger to the sand pile where a little freckle-faced boy sat forlornly looking on. "That's Peter," she said.

"Oh," Kent said, gazing at the lonely little figure. And then he added quickly, "I brought you something. Perhaps you can share it with Peter." He drew a long package from his pocket, hurriedly tore off the wrapping and opened the lid. Linda clapped her hands with pleasure. It was a box of tiny plastic birds. "Here, put them in your flower garden," he said, handing her the box.

She took it excitedly and ran calling to Peter with the new-found treasure.

"How will you take care of her?" Martha asked, sitting on the bench to relieve the wobbling in her knees.

FOR a while Kent looked beyond the apple trees. Then he said simply, "I am going to be married."

Martha stared at him.

"She is a lovely girl, Martha. You see she was lonely, too. She lost her husband in the war. It has been wonderful, the peace that has returned to me since I met Joyce." He looked away again. "It is different from Ann, Martha. But I know we will find happiness together. And she will make a wonderful mother for Linda."

The words cut like a knife. Martha could feel her face burning.

She saw the confused look on Kent's face. He came quickly and sat down beside her. "Forgive me, Martha. I don't want to hurt you. I know you have been the best mother in the world for Linda. But don't you understand—I can't give up my little girl—the only thing I have left of that lovely past. Ann would not want me to give our child away."

Martha had been struggling desperately. She spoke with forced calmness. "Yes, Kent, I have always tried to remember that Linda was not ours, and that sometime you would come back for her."

There was one last hope. She must know. "Will you—will you be living in your place?"

"No, Martha." He paused. "Joyce and I think it would be best to begin our life together some new place. I have sold the farm to a couple with six small children."

Martha stared miserably ahead. She saw Chris leaning against the apple tree. She had forgotten him. He was standing there quietly picking the petals from a sprig of apple bloom. The loosened leaves floated aimlessly to the ground and lay in a pink carpet at his feet. She wondered vaguely how Chris, who had carried Linda on his shoulders, who had told her his funny rhymes, and taken her piggy back riding, how he could stand there calmly pulling apple blossoms apart.

"I don't intend to take Linda away where you can never see her again," Kent was saying. "I know that I can never repay you at all for what you have done. She could come back each year for a visit." His eyes dropped to the blossom petals at Chris' feet. "Perhaps in the spring when the apples are in bloom."

Martha looked at him half gratefully, but her throat ached, and she could feel tears stinging her eyes. "When are you going?"

"In the morning," he said, while Martha fought desperately to keep the tears back. "I want to spend one last night . . . ." His voice trailed off with his gaze through the trees.

SO it was morning. Linda's hair had been brushed to shining ripples. Her gay little dress, starched and ironed to dainty crispness, rustled as she danced about excitedly around the big box that contained all her things.

Then Peter was standing there shyly, pushing his queer package into Linda's hand. "It's my bird eggs, Linda," he said. "You can have them." And then before she had time to open the pitiful little package, or even tell him goodbye, he was gone.

One moment Martha had the child in her arms, with the bright head against her breast and her own lips pressed to the shining curls, and the next moment she was gone.

Martha didn't know how long she stood there staring at the empty trail down the currant bushes. But, suddenly, she was aware of the ring of Chris' hammer. She turned and stared at him. How could he be driving nails into Linda's playhouse! But he was! He was nailing the wooden chimney into its place, a square chimney marked off like

bricks, pointing mockingly into the sky.

He must have read the horror in her face, for he laid the hammer calmly on the roof and stepped down from his wooden box. He came to her and took her two hands between his own.

"Why are you building the playhouse, Chris? What for?"

Chris pressed her hands until they hurt, hurt until she could have cried out. She could feel his eyes burning into her. "Because, Martha, darling, we can't give up. We must go on."

"But, Chris, what is the use without Linda!" She was almost hysterical.

"Martha, over across the orchard there will be children. You remember, Kent said—six small children. Their mother will need help. They can play in the playhouse. And—have you forgotten all the springs when the apples are in bloom, Linda will come. Her playhouse will be waiting for her. Don't you see? It must be finished, with the chimney and the table and the pink curtains . . . ."

Martha felt the tension in Chris' body, felt him trying to help her. She reached out her hand unconsciously and it rested on a head. She looked slowly down into a pair of eyes red with crying. It was Peter, his tousled red hair filled with dry leaves and sticks from the bushes where he had wept in loneliness for his only playmate. Poor little Peter, living with a grandmother who was too blind to know that his overalls needed patching.

"Peter," Martha said, "I must go to see your grandmother. Perhaps I can help her. And — and you must come over every day and help me." She looked up at Chris, and he gave her a wink.

"Better still," he said, beckoning to Peter, "I need a man to help me build this house. Peter, would you like to hold this wobbly chimney still?"

Martha looked out across the apple trees to the green roof. It will still be there, she thought, to remind me of all the things that are left.

Faith

Mary Ellen B. Workman

Time to grieve?
Oh, heart, put grief away!
Seek out the beauties of today—
The unsung song, the flag unfurled,
The babe new-born unto the world,
The child's smile, eyes that shine
Lighted by his love sublime.

Life's joys are here, and here shall stay
To make you glad upon the way.
Your love is pure, Christ's gifts complete;
In God's own time you, too, shall sleep—
And live again, no more to weep!

Come, dear heart, time is not long!
Put off your grief, make life your song.

Grace T. Kirton

LILAC GARDEN AND PIONEER HOME IN EPHRAIM, UTAH

Deserted Garden

Matia McClelland Burk

I cannot bear to visit any more
The desert homestead where I was a child,
And see that dry and thorny weed-grown ruin,
My Mother's lovely garden, now grown wild.

Her neat, trimmed roses are an unkempt hedge;
Gone is her dahlia rainbow in the fall;
No trumpet vine calls hummingbirds in spring,
No scarlet tulips blossom by the wall.

Just one gnarled lilac, blooming by the gate;
One tangled bed of orange poppies gleams;
No, rather would I seek more perfect flowers
In that dear garden of my childhood dreams.

Miracles and Mother

Eileen Gibbons

"MOTHER, it's for you!" Three daughters, who used to dash for the telephone every time it rang and answer with an anticipant "Hi!" now calmly raise it from the hook, mutter a calm "Hello," and sigh, "Mother, it's for you."

Listen closely, and you can hear them add to themselves, "It's always for you!"

You see, I'm one of the three daughters, and my mother is the president of a ward Relief Society. She's relatively new in the job of being ward mother, but during the months she has been, we girls, our four brothers, and our father have witnessed a miracle.

Miracles aren't exactly unusual in big families. Ours has managed to remain happy through periods of economic depression, broken teen-age hearts, the cruel adolescent teasings of too many freckled-faced brothers, and the mischief of a seven-year-old named Ted.

But Mother is the real miracle. For as long as we can remember, she has been doing extra, unusual things, to save time, effort, and money. Five A.M. rising to pick raspberries on shares, midnight wall-papering parties, and the care of ten pens of rabbits are among her "saving" ideas.

Add to these washing, ironing, cleaning, and cooking for nine, and you have someone much too busy to sit and visit, read a good book, or call on a neighbor for a friendly chat. Yet, these are the things every busy housewife hopes some day to find time to do.

That's why when Mother told us the bishop wanted her to be president of the Relief Society we all gasped "When?"

Mother already moved from one job to another like lightning and was the first awake and the last to bed. We'd chastized her plenty of times about moving too fast, and now the Church wanted to give her one of its biggest jobs. For several days we talked about it.

"She's just the person, but . . ." —"Wouldn't she be wonderful! but . . .?" and then there was just the plain "But, Mother!"

Of course Mother said yes. She had already said yes when we were going around the house wondering "When?" to ourselves and saying "But . . ." to her.

At the time, Mother was in the Primary presidency and theology teacher in the Relief Society. She was baking twelve loaves of bread every week, keeping a surplus of canned food in the basement, and frozen food in the locker.

Mother also spent an hour every day helping the child up the street improve his reading so he could be promoted. She was giving several minutes a day to Larry because he needed tangible encouragement beside him while he practiced the piano.

Torn denim knees had a way of appearing, and old rags had to be made into rugs. It was too expensive for the girls to buy all their clothes,

and as long as shirts and trousers could be made from Dad's old suits and our too-small coatons, the little boys would wear them homemade.

A new latch on the door, new paint in the bedroom, the buckle torn from a shoe—a myriad of little jobs were already appearing daily and Mother was squeezing them in.

And now the bishop wanted her to . . . .

WE girls told her how happy we were, and at the same time gestured melodramatic stories about how we would probably have to quit school and our jobs so Mother could work in the Relief Society.

That was several months ago. And Mother is still busy because she still has seven children and the jobs that go along with a big family. Of course, we all have to help a little more, but the miracle is still there.

Mother has been able to do the job, keep up her home, and bring a new spirituality, enthusiasm, and happiness into her relations with her family. This is the miracle. Mother has more time and energy than she has ever had before.

"Mother, it's for you," calls her to the phone at least a dozen times every day. Someone feels she ought to let Mother know that Sister Wallace is ill. Her first counselor phones to say, "Sure, we can go visiting the shut-ins this afternoon!"

Perhaps it's a death in the ward. That usually means food to prepare, comfort to give, an assortment of needs to fill. There are flowers to arrange and children to tend.

Meetings need to be planned, work days scheduled, offices filled—the usual duties of a president—all are there. And Mother does them. She thinks, eats, and sleeps Relief Society. It is her life, her chance to serve.

She has found time to do it well along with her washing, sewing, cooking, and cleaning, and the multitude of household jobs that come unexpectedly.

And if you tiptoe into her room almost any evening, you'll find her sitting up in bed reading a good book, the newspaper, or a magazine —to her a luxury.

And it isn't late. Only the little boys are in bed. But you see, Mother is tired at night as always. She still has too much to do, and we still tell her she does it too swiftly.

But she is a new woman. There is contentment instead of exhaustion after a day of hard work. There is joy at every chance to help or expression of gratitude from the helped. There is love between her and a hundred women she never knew before. Most of all, there is a realization and a firm testimony in her heart that wards are living, complex units that need a mother.

And the children? We enjoy our miracle Mother. And it hasn't hurt us girls at all to cook a little more often, sew on a few buttons ourselves, or even to think now and then that "he" surely would have called, if Mother hadn't been president of the Relief Society.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, May 1, and May 15, 1894

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

THE WOMAN'S CO OPERATIVE INSTITUTION: Keeps on hand dress goods and trimmings, fancy articles and notions, books and stationery, equipose waists. Dressmaking in all its branches, millinery, latest styles, hats and bonnets cleaned and retrimmed. Feathers curled. Stamping done to order.

—Selected

WOMAN'S SPHERE: The Father chose her by and through whom all his spiritual children should come to earth, and so ordered that she should be first to know the advent of the spirit to its home . . . and not until she has endowed it with the virtues of her soul does she present it a priceless offering to the Lord. Thus woman is recognized by the eternal decree of the Father to be the first to cherish humanity . . . . In view of the fact that there can be no man . . . without woman, we may cease to talk about woman's sphere as though it had a limit, other than the world in which she moves. —S. W. Richards

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE

We're now laying foundations of what we shall be,
For life's current extends to eternity's sea;
And whatever debases, ennobles, refines,
By our acts we imprint in indelible lines.
We're the offspring of God. We should never degrad
The form which at first in His image was made . . . .

—Eliza R. Snow

TROUBLE: Never bear more than one trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds — all they ever had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.

—Edward Everett Hale

HERITAGE: . . . . While we journey onward and upward, let us clasp hands as sisters in sweet assurance of helping each other to cross the desert of ignorance and the dark river of tradition, where the little boats of error and superstition glide in and out alluring the unwary. We will watch for the beacon light of truth that shines from afar over the Elysian fields of knowledge and understanding. And while we pursue our pioneer march, let us not forget the innumerable company that follow in our wake, and leave for them shining waymarks, hopeful harbingers of success in attaining the goal of our ambitions. —Selected

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE IN BOX ELDER STAKE: Quarterly conference of the Relief Society of Box Elder Stake convened in the Tabernacle at Brigham City, on the 13th of March. President Olivia Widerborg presiding. Sister Bowring: I heard Brother Kimball once say we should be as clay in the potter's hand, if we depend on the Lord we shall be so. We can do a great deal of good to each other . . . . Emelia D. Madsen: It is a sacred calling to be a president or an officer in the Relief Society. The teachers in visiting should try to find the needy. They need to possess the spirit of the Lord, the spirit of discernment, and great big hearts that they may find even those who shrink from receiving help in their need . . . . Counselor Mary Wright: Let us not find fault with each other, it is weakening to ourselves, let us do all the good we can . . . .

—Emelia D. Madsen, Cor. Sec.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

EMMA RAY RIGGS McKAY, wife of President David O. McKay of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, has been named Utah's "Mother of the Year" for 1954. She will go to New York City this month to join other state winners in the events taking place when the "American Mother of the Year" will be chosen. Mrs. McKay, mother, homemaker, musician, has long been active in community and Church activities and has accompanied President McKay upon his world travels.

OLIVE WOOLLEY BURT (Mrs. Clinton R. Burt), noted and dynamic Salt Lake author, has three new volumes on the market. *Young Jed Smith—Westering Boy* is an interesting, action-filled story of this famous personality of the early West; *Camel Express* is the tale of a strange and little known episode in Western history; and *Peter's Sugar Farm*, has West Jordan, Utah, as its locale.

MRS. BENJAMIN F. (Ardella Bitner) TIBBY, a native Salt Laker, but for the last twenty-one years superintendent of the Compton City Schools, Compton, California, delivered one of the principal addresses at the convention of the American Association of School Administrators, held in Atlantic City, New Jersey, in February. Past normal retiring age, Mrs. Tibby is considered too valuable to the school system to be permitted to leave. She ranks as one of the foremost women educators in America.

GRANDMA MOSES, ninety-three, has just presented one of her latest primitive paintings, "The Battle of Bennington," to the Daughters of the American Revolution.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to Mrs. Lizzie Colborn, Salt Lake City, one hundred one; Mrs. Susanna Matilda Cowels Huish, Spring Lake, Utah, ninety-nine; Mrs. Catherine Matilda Beck, San Leandro, California, ninety-eight; Mrs. Euphemia Jane Carter Freeman, Salt Lake City, ninety-seven; Mrs. Margaret Blair Crabtree, Idaho Falls, Idaho, ninety-three; Mrs. Martha Musser Sheets Davis, Salt Lake City, ninety-three; Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Goodwin Binnal, Granger, Utah, ninety; Mrs. Rosella Marie P. T. Jacobsen, Mt. Pleasant, Utah, ninety.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 41 MAY 1954 NO. 5

Portrait of Mother

IN a certain old-fashioned house, there was an embroidered sampler on the living room wall, which proclaimed a message that the children in that home could never forget. At first, when they were small, the message seemed to refer to their grandmother, but later, upon returning to the beloved family home, they knew that the message referred to their own dear mother.

We are coming, Mother, coming—
From the loom and from the mine—
Though it be our last sweet homing
On that mother breast of thine.

In times of separation from our mothers, whether it be the absence caused by the temporary affairs of earth, or that longer waiting until the time of reunion in the heavenly home, we often try to picture in memory the portrait of our mothers. Sometimes an evanescent happening or even some familiar scene — a flower garden, a thread of music, a lighted window — may bring to us, unexpectedly, a vivid and strangely comforting portrait of mother.

The dear face may be remembered well, and the busy, untiring hands, the quick step in the kitchen, the quiet step to a child's crib. One woman may remember that once, upon admitting some misdemeanor of childhood, the mother only looked at her with tears in her eyes, and had to wait to find something to say. Another woman may recall how swiftly her mother's fingers flew in sewing white lace upon an infant's dress. The portraits are varied and beautiful.

Though we may not realize the full influence of these memories—these portraits, we know that in large measure they determine our attitudes, our actions, the very course of our lives. One woman has been influenced throughout her life by seeing repeatedly, in memory, her mother, who had come to visit the daughter at college, standing, after class had been dismissed, with her hand laid tenderly upon a bench in the room, tears in the mother's eyes. Then she said, "Such a thing as this learning was never possible for me, but I am so grateful that you can be here."

Another woman, sincerely devoted to the work of the Church, recalls, as an indelible etching, the portrait of her mother — how she hurried down the poplar-lined street, taking her little daughter with her; how quickly the mother mounted the wooden steps to the Relief Society Hall, how soon she was taking charge of the meeting — then the music, the prayer, the quietness, and the light upon the mother's face. Strange how much is inscribed upon the pliant mind of a child through no direct word being said. It is by spiritual communion that much of earth's best instruction is given and received.

Many of us may be fortunate enough to recall the portrait of a mother who honored and respected the individualism of each of her children, who realized that each child is different from every other personality, the heritage given by the parents coming from ancestral sources remote and near, but always in a new combination of characteristics, talents, and temperament, with an individual, everlasting spirit. The mother has been the life-giving vessel, but her duty and her influence are best exercised through love, patient direction, and inspirational example. And mothers who are wise, as well as devoted, may, over the years and into old age, share in the shining hopes, ideals, and accomplishments of their children, and these mothers may be comforted by knowing that the portraits of all mothers are forever indestructible.

—V. P. C.

New Serial, "The Falling Shackles," to Begin in June

A NEW serial, "The Falling Shackles," by Margery S. Stewart, will begin in the June *Relief Society Magazine*. This intimate and dramatic story recounts the sad and amusing experiences of a family from Europe who make a new life for themselves in Salt Lake City. The author is well known to readers of the *Magazine*, having contributed many excellent stories and poems. Mrs. Stewart's work has also received recognition by national magazines of wide circulation, and she has received awards in several contests, including the Relief Society Short Story Contest and the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest.

To David

Marjorie Foote

Tough and tousled three-year-old,
Hurtling like a comet jet
Along the path, across the street—
A mercury with wing-shod feet.
Bright ribboned years do now unfold,
Shot with silver, red, and gold;
High adventures to be met;
Forward now your course is set;
Life's dawn for you is sweet.

We set small store by worldly gain
But here's a jewel-studded crown:
The sapphire of a blue tit's wing,
The liquid gold the blackbirds sing;
Pearl-studded trees in rain,
Emeralds from the leafy lane;
The honeybee's topaz and brown,
Gay rose's gorgeous ruby gown,
Each sparkling gem of spring.

This box is clasped with constant prayer
And bounded with our love for you.
Its key of truth will only turn
If, with clear vision, you discern
The Priesthood cloak that God sets there
For every worthy son to wear.
Oh, take these treasures and renew
Your covenants each day; be true.
Oh, let his lamp forever burn.

"Say It With Flowers"

Norma W. South

THE words so often used by the florist industry bring an intriguing thought to me. What has been said to me by way of flowers? What have I tried to say to others?

When I was a little girl, no taller than a window sill, my world seemed to be made up mostly of flowers. Dozens of flowering house plants lined our windows. My view of the outside world was always framed by flowers and, as I grew taller, by lovely foliage and flowers.

October, there was often wind and sleet and snow, but inside it was always summer. Mother's geraniums were deep red, bright red, old rose, pink, white, and salmon color. The Martha Washington geranium, with its gray-green leaves, had single flowers of old rose, with deep rose throats. The fuchsia was the wonder plant, with its delicate stems and lavender-red blossoms which hung down like bells on a Christmas tree. The Marguerite had fern-like foliage and large white daisy blossoms. Then there was the California pink which had a blossom of fine pink fringe and no leaves at all; it had queer needles like those of an evergreen!

Every night through the long winter months, mother patiently carried her plants from the windows to the kitchen table where they would be safe from frost. Every morning she gave each plant a drink. One year she took new slips and repotted all the plants, using rich loamy soil from under the wild English willows. I have never learned any more of her secrets of growing house plants; that is why I cannot grow them as well as she.

Perhaps Mother was never conscious of saying things with her flowers; we were not conscious of receiving the messages. But they told us many things just the same. They told us that here was love and patience, not only for the plants, but for the children who lived with them. They told us that home was beautiful and warm and safe. As the plants cost mother not a cent, they told us that there are many beautiful and wonderful things in the world which have nothing at all to do with money. The blossoms cheered us through childhood illness and gave us courage when father was away at the hospital for three whole months. They taught us that God can do some very remarkable things.

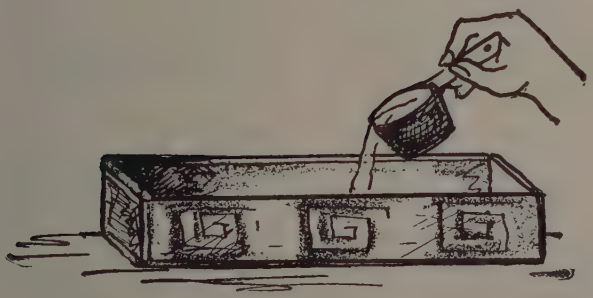
I can close my eyes and see the flowers and people marching through my girlhood. It is the junior prom. There are new formals, flowers, ecstasy! Now I am returning from a college spring formal. The young man in the tuxedo takes the rose from his lapel and presses it into my hand. The little flower tells the sweet message for which he cannot find adequate words. My wedding . . . there are flowers everywhere. Mother is saying, "Norma, the pink double hollyhocks have bloomed early this year, just for you." She is so happy including her flowers in the plans.

"We'll decorate the table with glads, the white and pink coronas." I see again my wedding bouquet.

The years are rushing on. There are flowers for birthdays, weddings, a funeral . . . . my father's. Now I am lying in a hospital, not ill at all, but rejoicing over the safe arrival of our third child, a dear little boy. The door opens and a sweet little girl of nine enters, carrying a small bouquet picked from my own garden. Her blue eyes fill with tears; she is unable to speak, but the flowers tell what she has come to say. I reach joyfully for the flowers, and the little blond head goes down on my pillow. It is so lonesome at home without Mommie.

I am again in a hospital, standing beside a white bed. It is a crisis in our lives; our daughter is very ill with pneumonia. I lay a cool hand on her feverish brow. "Darling," I begin, trying not to let my voice betray my fear, "remember how our sweetpeas looked last summer on the fence? They were so pretty when a cool breeze stirred them." It is my way of saying, "Don't be afraid, dear. God will watch over you and make you well, even as he can change a very small seed into a beautiful flowering plant." She smiles and closes her tired eyes in sleep. It is a very good sign.

Today a spring shower has refreshed my flower garden. The bleeding heart is blooming beautifully. The iris, narcissus, and tulips are waiting to be made into a bouquet for our table. Through the spring, summer, and fall, I will find things to say to my family and friends, and I will say them with flowers.



Preserving Metal Planters

Elizabeth Williamson

TO prevent the corrosion of metal planters, line them with melted paraffin.

Things Will Be Different

Virginia M. Kammeyer

SALLY looked around the apartment, surveying it with disgust. "Will I be glad to get away from you!" she thought.

They would be moving soon—she and Bill and the children, away from the ugly little apartment, into the beautiful house with the big lawn and the willow tree.

Sally leaned on her broom and dreamed. She wouldn't take one piece of furniture from this living room, not one thing! She'd give it all to the junk man and buy new for the home they were moving to. She gave the sofa a look that should have withered it. One side sagged where the children had jumped on it too hard. And the once-attractive blue frieze upholstery had succumbed to smears of peanut butter, jelly, and molding clay.

Those plastic curtains were going out. She would have draw drapes at the big picture window—maybe cream-colored silk with appliqued roses to match the roses in that elegant carpet she had seen in Kranowski's window.

She pulled herself back to the present, picked up the broom, and set it down again. She didn't feel like cleaning this place anymore. Why bother to mop and wax the floors, dust the furniture? Soon she would be bidding it all goodby.

Sally decided to nourish her soul. She pushed Karl's truck out of the way and sat down with the new *Home Lovely* magazine. She flipped through the pages of beautiful exteriors and exquisite interiors, read an article on color schemes, and paused to admire a pictured devil's food cake and dream of whipping it up in her own gleaming kitchen.

She became so absorbed in the magazine that she jumped when the kitchen door banged. Four-year-old Karl and three-year-old Ann came in, demanding lunch. Sally looked at the clock—one-fifteen! She'd really have to fly if she got anything done before Bill came home from work.

She hurried the children through lunch and got them down for naps, then washed the dishes and mopped up the soup and crumbs under the table. It was three o'clock before she got to cleaning the living room. Bill would be home at four-thirty.

She shoved the children's discarded sweaters into the closet, dumped all their toys together into a box, and threw out some wilted flowers. Now to make the beds and see what she could prepare for supper.

It was four-twenty-five. Sally opened the refrigerator and found some wieners and cold boiled potatoes. The children would love it if she fried the potatoes, but she wasn't so sure about Bill. He liked his meals balanced.

She backed away from the refrigerator, both hands full, and bumped into her husband in the narrow space between refrigerator and table. Wieners and potatoes flipped upside down on the floor.

"Oh, Bill! Just see what you've done!"

She knew she shouldn't be blaming Bill for the accident, but the afternoon's rush had left her short-

tempered, and, as she picked the food off the floor, the tiny kitchen suddenly irritated her.

We need traffic lights to get around in here, she thought, and then grew more cheerful as she thought of leaving it all behind.

BILL still stood with the evening paper in his hand, wearing that "Now what have I done?" look. Sally gave him a peck on the cheek and carried the wieners to the sink to wash them off.

Fried potatoes brought squeals of delight from the children and a disapproving look from Bill. Sally, on the defensive, said, "Honey, I can't prepare a decent meal on two square feet of counter space."

Bill grunted and speared a potato.

"Just wait, darling," and she put an arm around him, "when we move into that beautiful big kitchen I'll prepare wonderful meals!"

Next morning the bank called to tell Sally that the loan had gone through and they could come in any time to sign the final papers. Sally put down the phone, and, humming, went to find a box to pack her best dishes.

She was crumpling newspaper in the bottom of the box, when the air split with screams from outside. Sally jumped to her feet and ran out the door. Karl and a neighbor boy were chasing Ann around the yard, squirting her with their water pistols.

"Stop it! Both of you!" she cried and dragged the sobbing child away. "Don't ever do that again!" And she marched Ann into the house. She comforted her with a cookie and resumed her packing.

It's the neighbor boys who teach Karl those things, she decided, just wait till we move into a civilized neighborhood.

The days moved quickly. Sally packed their belongings, wrote change-of-address letters to the milkman, the mailman, and the telephone company. She handed in to the rental office their notice of intention to vacate, and received in return a mimeographed sheet of instructions for leaving the apartment. Be sure, it said, to empty the garbage, mow the lawn, turn in the key, and so on, and so on.

She handed the sheet to Bill when he came home, with the suggestion that he get busy on "operation lawn mower."

Bill flopped in a chair, a pained expression on his face. "Let a man rest for a minute. I'll get at it after supper."

He didn't get at it after supper, nor the next night, nor the next. Tuesday evening Sally reminded him that they were moving Friday. Wednesday at supper she reminded him again, a little more firmly, and on Thursday afternoon when he came home, the lawn mower was barring the door, Sally standing grimly behind it.

"O.K," Bill said, shame in his expression, "I'll mow it. But, you know, I'd enjoy it a lot more if it was our own lawn."

His voice began to show enthusiasm as he pushed the mower through the grass. "Just wait till I get started on our own yard. I'll really manicure that lawn—and trim the willow tree—and plant more flowers!"

THEY spent Friday and Saturday moving. Bill rented a truck,

and together they tugged and heaved the furniture onto the back of it. Sally had lost her battle to get rid of the living-room pieces. She was, in Bill's opinion, lucky to get a house. So the sagging sofa went along to the new home.

When the last load was dropped in the middle of the living room, Sally stopped to survey the place. This was home, with the willow tree, the wide lawn, and the wisteria over the front step. She was completely happy.

Sunday morning found them tired, stiff, and barely able to pull themselves to church. They came home and nibbled on cold cuts from the refrigerator, and Bill reminded Sally, "Be sure to call the electric company tomorrow, so they can send a man out to connect up the stove."

Monday morning Sally waved her husband off to work, shooed the children out to play, and then sat down on a box of books, wondering where, in the littered living room, to begin putting things away. The enormity of the task depressed her, and she was tired. The *Home Lovely* magazine lay on top of a barrel of dishes, and Sally picked it up.

She was intently comparing color schemes in the magazine when she was shocked to attention by a series of screams that could come from no one but Ann. Sally sprang to the door and saw Karl dragging Ann about the yard. Ropes bound her hands and feet.

"Karl! Stop it! What are you doing?"

"We're Indians. I'm lasseling her."

"Well, don't let me catch you doing it again!" She rescued her daughter, untied the cords, and started back toward the house. She noticed a lot of scraggly weeds along the brick walk, and stooped to pull one or two. An hour later she was still at it. She paused long enough to make the children sandwiches for lunch, and found, upon entering the kitchen, that Ann had tried to help herself to milk from the refrigerator and had dropped the whole quart. Sally cleaned up the mess and cut her finger deeply on a piece of glass.

When the children were asleep, she went back to the weeding. As she bent and pulled, she was gradually aware of a noise—one that had been going on for some time.

SALLY stood up suddenly, realizing it was the sound of running water. She followed it to its source, and stood aghast. One of the children had turned on the hose and left it running full blast near the half-open basement window. Water was pouring into the dark depths below.

She turned off the water and dashed for the basement door to survey the damage. It was worse than she had imagined. The water pouring in from outside lay two inches deep near the window, and a leaking pipe overhead was adding to the flood.

Sally ran to get a mop and a broom to stem the tide before it spread to their trunks of precious things. She pulled on her overshoes and waded in, sweeping the water before her to the door.

Mop, sweep, mop, sweep, for two hours she worked, until she had swept all she could out the door,

had wrung more out into a bucket, and the remainder lay in damp puddles on the floor.

At four-thirty Bill found her flopped in exhaustion on the couch. "Hey, lazy bones," and he shook her. "What's for supper?"

"Supper!" Sally reared up and looked at him with horrified eyes. "I forgot to call the electrician to hook up the stove!"

"Yeah? Well, what have we got?" and Bill stalked to the refrigerator. "Wieners and cold potatoes!"

It was too much. The whole day had been too much. She began to cry, and found she couldn't stop. She was tired, she hurt, and nothing seemed to be going right. Through her tears she saw Bill standing over her with that "Now what have I done?" expression.

Where have I seen that look before? she wondered, and, realizing where, began to giggle, her sobs of exhaustion gradually turning to an agony of laughter.

Bill grabbed her shoulders and shook her hard. "What's the matter? Hey, stop it, for goodness sake!"

"Oh, Bill!" And she went off into peals of laughter again. "I'm laughing at myself. For being so stupid! I thought just moving would change everything. I expected this to be heaven—and it's not! The lawn's a mess, the plumbing leaks—even the wisteria's got blight. And I"—she began to laugh and sob at the same time, "I'm the same inefficient, forgetful person I've always been. Even the children are as naughty as ever. Oh, honey," she put an arm around her puzzled husband, "starting right now, I'm going to try to make this a heaven for you and the children. I'll budget my time, and write down notes, and keep track of things . . . ."

Bill was thoughtfully rubbing her hand between his, trying to think of what to say. "Maybe," he said, "all of us together can gain heaven, a step at a time. I think I'll start right now by mowing the lawn."

Sally, putting away books, watched him from the window, and out of a new understanding and maturity (or maybe she had read it somewhere) said, "We make a heaven for ourselves right where we are—or nowhere."

Morning Glories

Evelyn Fjeldsted

Morning glory bells are ringing;
The wind has found their muted chimes.
Wings of butterflies are tipping
In their silent, aerial climbs.

High above a plane is flying,
With sun-splashed wings, far out of harm.
The mighty engine, lifting, singing,
Fills the sky with morning charm.

Butterfly and plane creation,
Each to its own destination!

Launder That White Shirt Yourself

Ruth K. Kent

SEND a white shirt to the laundry a few times, and you will spend enough to buy a new shirt. It is easy to do up a white shirt when you know how. This is the way I have found to be best for me.

The ironing itself is not so much the problem as the preparation for ironing. First the washing—scrub the collar and cuffs with soap and a stiff brush. Wash as usual and rinse out all the soap. It is advisable to rinse a white shirt even though a no-rinse detergent has been used, in order to rid it of any grimy water. Hang the shirt on the line by the back shirttail, being sure to spread it wide. Pull the collar, cuffs, and button hole pleat down the front into shape. Hang in the sun to dry, if possible, or someplace in the air, where the shirt will dry quickly. If it must be dried inside, do not crowd it.

Do not starch the shirt until it is dry. To starch, use one tablespoon of a good starch to one cup of warm water. (Use more starch if the shirt is to be stiffer, but that must be determined by experimenting). Add one teaspoon of salt to the starch and stir well. Now dip the collar into the starch, rub it in well, and wring out. Do the same with the cuffs, being careful not to get the starch on the sleeves. And for an especially good job, gather just the pleat in front into your hand and dip it into the starch and wring out. Now sprinkle the whole shirt and roll tightly.

Before ironing, make these important preparations: See that the iron is clean. Wash off the bottom, and, if necessary, scour off lightly any black spots. Place a clean dish towel or part of an old sheet over the ironing board cover. Spread newspapers on the floor beneath the ironing board. And, if available, put a piece of beeswax or ironing wax beneath the ironing board cover at the head of the board. Set the iron just below "cotton," or approximately 350 degrees. If the iron is too hot, it will leave scorch marks where repeated ironing is necessary.

First iron the under side of the collar, pushing in from the corners to the center. Iron the band until it seems dry. Turn over and do the outside of the collar, being careful to push any fullness to the back of the collar. Now move the collar to the far edge of the board and let it hang over. Iron the collar band on the edge of the board until it seems dry. If the iron pulls hard, rub it across the wax placed at the head of the board and it will glide smoothly.

Iron the cuffs on the wrong side from the bottom edge toward the sleeve. Push the iron up into the sleeve from the inside of the cuff. Now, do the right side of the cuff. Flatten the sleeve along the underarm seam and iron the sleeve flat on the board, doing the side with the placket first. Iron out all the wrinkles carefully where the sleeve joins the cuff and do the placket neatly. Turn the sleeve over and do the other side. If the sleeve seems to pucker at the underarm seam, pull and stretch the seam while ironing.

Fold the shirt along the line where the back is seamed to the yoke. Lay the yoke flat on the board and iron carefully.

Iron the left front first, starting at the underarm seam and working towards the buttons. Then do the back, then the right front. Iron the pleat on the right front on the underside first, then iron dry and smooth on the right side. This is one of the most important things to watch when ironing a white shirt. The shirttail need not be done so carefully.

Go over the collar and cuffs once again. Hang the shirt on a hanger to dry. And it is best to store shirts on hangers if there is hanging space available.

If the shirt must be folded, do it the way the army does. Button the shirt and place it on a large flat surface (bed or table) back down. Gently fold the collar down against the breast of the shirt. Fold one sleeve straight across the front, the other sleeve over the first one. Lift the shirt tail and fold it a third of the way up. Now lift this fold and place it even with the top of the shirt. The shirt is now just the right size to lay away in a dresser drawer or a suitcase. If it must be made smaller, fold it in three, once from left to right, then the other side over this. It will come out unwrinkled in the places that show the most.

It takes a little practice to learn how to launder a white shirt, but it pays off in savings, and in a man's pride when someone asks him, "Say, who does your shirts so well?"

Anniversary Souvenirs

Mabel Law Atkinson

THIS morning, while rummaging through my spacious treasure-chest of memory to find the gift of love I needed in my longing for children's laughter, I came across a box carefully wrapped and labeled, "Anniversary Gifts, 1934."

Tears flowed freely as I opened each parcel wrapped in plain brown wrapping paper and saw the cherished gifts and the childish writing on the homemade, flower-decorated cards. The first revealed a small rag dolly fashioned out of old white knitted underwear by the untrained hands of a little daughter of eight, the face worked in black uneven stitches, the body stuffed with bits of underwear cut fine by fingers that yearned to do artistic work like her twelve-year-old sister. Her gift, when opened, proved to be a hanky made from a salt sack, hemmed and embroidered by small hands which at that tender age were prophetic of her later skill.

A bitter-sweet fragrance escaped as I began unwrapping the next gift, a "bookay of buetiful dandelines" from my four-year-old son whose note had been written by his older brother. Again I saw the childish beauty of this curly-haired "little brother" gathering the flowers for me. Again I heard the lilting music of his laughter.

I opened the last parcel with the hands of love tightening about my heart, and pearls of tenderness illumining my eyes, for the lad whose gift this was, is with us no more. Tied to the handle of a little basket made of burrs and filled with moss and wild violets, was a note in a loved, remembered boyish scrawl: "I have no muney, but I luv you."

Again I saw this lad as a chubby babe of two sitting in the dooryard of a rented home, sans lawns and flowers, pulling bunch after bunch of the first tiny redroots of spring and laughing for very joy as he saw the pink rootlets. Seeing me watching, he held up a handful, calling, "See! Pitty, mama, pitty!"

He loved beauty even then and found it in the pink of the roots of weeds. I recalled how, as he grew older, he was always bringing me starts of flowers for the window, and later on for a garden by our very own home. With gratitude in my heart that God had let me keep him until he was mature, I offered up a prayer that he is finding beauty in the heavenly gardens as he walks through them at sunrise as he loved to do here.

What wealth was mine that morning as each shyly gave his gift!

Since then I have received beautiful and costly gifts, but none have given me greater joy than those simple offerings of love on that anniversary in "our poverty year" when there were no nickels to spare.

The Right Decision!

Frances C. Yost

MARGARET Shelby popped the rolls in the oven, then took another peek at the dining-room table. It was beautiful with its centerpiece of autumn asters. Margaret's best silver sparkled on the alabaster linen. She was using her teakwood dinner set this evening.

"Yes," Margaret said aloud, "everything is just beautiful. Why, anyone would think I was entertaining the Governor, instead of my family." Someone said the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, Margaret thought. With things sort of special, perhaps John will break down and tell me what's been bothering him lately.

Margaret went to their bedroom and chose a brown rayon dress splashed with a daisy design because John liked it. Making a quick change, she combed her hair and added just a touch of makeup. Then, viewing herself in the mirror, she said aloud: "I may not be an illustrator's dream of young Mrs. America, but I have a good husband, and I hope to keep him." Margaret's chin set with determination.

As she waited at the door to welcome John, Margaret thought, life is good, I'm blessed with a perfect husband, if there ever was one, a handful of healthy children, a good home we can call our own, just everything. Except that *something* is bothering John, and I mean to find out exactly what it is, and tonight.

"Smells good," John sniffed. "We're famished, aren't we, kids?"

John and Margaret let the children supply the table conversation, for their day's experiences were bubbling over. After the meal was finished, Margaret saw her dinner set, linen, and silverware put in their places, then she joined John in the living room.

"You're a heart-filling armful," John said, laying aside his paper and pulling Margaret down on the couch beside him. "Now we have a minute to ourselves, Marge, I have something mighty important to discuss with you."

Margaret studied his face. It was almost too serious. He was going to tell her without asking. "Yes?" she questioned.

"Hang it, Marge, I was going to tell you how important it is for a fellow to have a higher education in the business world today. I had so many reasons, but I might as well get to the point right off. I want to get a leave of absence from the office and work for my degree."

"Oh, John!" Margaret gasped. It was as if she had been pricked with a red-hot goad. "I thought you were satisfied, you've worked up."

"It's a competitive world. A fellow needs a good education to make the grade. I never had a chance before, but now we're kind of ahead, I thought . . . ." John valued her common sense; even more, he valued her happiness. He counseled with her for both reasons.

"*College*," Margaret repeated the

word which cut her as a razor blade —thin and deadly sharp. Her sensible mind weighed the problem as she saw the facts.

Just when they were beginning to be able to have a few of the nice things of life, like the Tiltons next door, then, suddenly, to be asked to run a home without a steady income, was overwhelming! Margaret saw again in her mind's eye their first years of marriage, the skimping and saving, the making over and making do. John had been in college then. Margaret felt a shudder run over her, remembering.

Things wouldn't be the same with John a college man. He would have to have quiet to study, or he might be away at the library or at school functions. The very thought of John in college was as if Margaret had been told John would suddenly be swept from the earth. She dared not speak lest she scream out in protest.

They sat in silence while the precious seconds ebbed, then John reached over and took Margaret's chin in his strong, brown palm. A sudden film came over Margaret's eyes as he peered into her face.

"I know it's a shock, Margaret darling." His dark eyes looked at her, but seemed to see into some reality beyond. "I can't tackle it without your help. You think it over for a day or two. Registration is a week off. I know you'll make the right decision."

* * * *

MARGARET heard John playing with the children in the back yard. Her own heart lay buried deep and aching. She picked up the evening edition of the paper and scanned it, but the words blurred beyond readability, leaving the entire space for two single words which seemed to stand embossed in black type—*John . . . college.*

Margaret laid aside the paper, walked to her little pearwood desk and opened it. She took clean writing paper and pen. There was a pigeonhole full of letters to be answered; this evening would be a good time. But her pen trails hesitated until she allowed to be written the words which kept racing through her mind: John wants to return to college. Margaret tore the paper into pieces, then crumpled them for good measure, and dropped them into the wastebasket at her feet. She closed the desk and walked out into the garden.

Autumn reigned with all its colors. A firey sugar maple, a burning oak, and a golden poplar mingled their brilliant leaves. White-limbed birches stood like nymphs in the shower of their gold hair. The mountains stood clothed in red and golds, with touches of bright evergreen, but Margaret was unconscious of the beauty of her surroundings. She walked as if in a daze to the aster bed.

Here she had picked large gold and purple balls to adorn her table only a few hours before. She plucked the head from one, leaving the long stem unclad among its friends. Then her fingers began pulling the petals from autumn's queen of flowers. The petals fell one by one on the grass at her feet with alternate words—he will, he won't; he will, he won't.

Margaret's life had been as fresh and full as the asters in the garden; now her life had suddenly become

as crushed and bruised as the flower in her fingers. She thrust the symbol upon the ground. Then, pushing the tears back, she entered the rear door of her home.

Margaret could hear the children's voices above the rat-rat of the ping-pong balls in the basement. She decided to take a brisk shower. Then, perhaps, her family wouldn't notice her swollen eyes. But the shower was not refreshing as she had hoped, for the needles of hot water kept prickling into her flesh as if tattooing the word *school*.

She donned a robe and went to their room to put on something fresh. As she entered their room, she usually took renewed pride in the chintz curtains and the spool bed in a white petticoat, but tonight she noticed none of this. John had crawled, as if exhausted, into bed. Poor dear, Margaret thought, if he goes to college, he'll never know what it is to sleep early evenings.

Somehow Margaret managed to plow through the evening tasks of undressing the little children, listening to their prayers, and tucking them in for their dreams, but the feeling of brooding menace never left her.

It was past her usual bedtime when she brushed her teeth, jerked the window open, and crept between the sheets. Hours later she awakened shaking. She rolled her head from side to side, but her body remained rigid, conscious of the sharp pain deep inside. Sleep must have taken possession of Margaret again, for when she opened her eyes it was a new day. But, for Margaret, it lacked the usual anticipation which a new day brings.

NIGHT followed day and day night, and it was Wednesday afternoon. Margaret stood gazing into their cold unused fireplace as she listened to the petulant drip of an autumn rain on the roof. Her hands were clammy as she churned inside. The hurt bewilderment still clouded her eyes. The very thought of years ahead with John at school stretched like a vast gray ocean—monotonous, endless emptiness. John had said she would make the right decision. Well, she would, all right. She would point out how the hundreds of war brides were struggling to help support a tiny brood of kiddies while their husbands sat in classrooms. She had seen too many young wives with their angular faces, always looking worn and sharply tired behind their brave front.

Margaret's plan of action was clear now. John had said to think it over for a day or two. She had. Now, the moment John came home, she would point out calmly and clearly without any tears or violence, the wisdom of his going on with his job, devoting his time to the children and herself. Margaret rehearsed her talk, reassuring herself before she tried to convince John.

Just then the doorbell rang. Margaret crossed the room to answer it.

"Why Mrs. Tilton!" Margaret said, her voice a little thick, "won't you come in?" Margaret had been crying. Her last glimpse in the mirror had assured her that she looked as if she had fallen flat on her face. Yet she desperately hoped her neighbor wouldn't notice.

"I just dropped over to say goodbye. We're leaving the end of the

week," Mrs. Tilton stated.

"*Leaving!*" Margaret echoed her astonishment.

"Yes, work is taking Marvin to Armorville, so we're taking just what few things we need." Mrs. Tilton spoke with no outward appearance of regret.

"But your lovely home?" Margaret questioned. "How can you bear to leave it?"

"Well, I must confess I've never become married to any one house. Oh, I will admit it isn't all sunshine and roses to pick up and leave, but whatever comes, Marvin and I will meet it side by side." Mrs. Tilton had a wide, intelligent brow, and a generous, smiling mouth, things which Margaret had never noticed before.

"You seem so very broad-minded, Mrs. Tilton. Why? Have you always felt like this . . . I mean . . . standing by your husband in whatever he wanted to do?" Margaret finished her sentence haltingly.

"I owe my viewpoint, in fact, my happiness in life, to a certain pioneer woman," Mrs. Tilton stated with doting inflection.

"You do? May I ask her name?" Margaret inquired, making an overture of hospitality.

"Why, yes, she was Phoebe Woodruff. A century ago she was a young wife like you, Margaret."

"Please tell me about her." Margaret was gently being drawn from a fog. For the first time in three days she forgot herself. Her mind left the valley of dilemma and traveled the rugged path of the pioneers . . . .

MRS. Tilton's soft voice seemed to lead the way. "As I remember the story, the Woodruff couple was making their way to Kirtland to join the saints. Traveling wasn't streamlined, as it is today, and food was scarce. Hardships for Phoebe were more than she could bear. She passed away."

"Oh! What a shame!" Margaret interluded. Forgetting herself, a bitter pain for Phoebe Woodruff rose strong and sharp in Margaret's throat.

"Her spirit left her body, for she saw her body lying on the bed and her husband and friends around her weeping. Then two personages came for her. One of the messengers informed her that she could have her choice, she could go to rest in the spirit world, or she could have the privilege of returning to her tabernacle, and continuing her labors on earth, on one condition . . . ." Mrs. Tilton paused.

"What condition?" Margaret queried, her heart taking up its slow, wary beat again.

"Why, that she stand by her husband and pass through all his cares and trials and tribulations and afflictions of life unto the end. Phoebe Woodruff looked at her husband and child and said, 'Yes, I will do it.' "

"She did?" Margaret laid the two words out like little flatirons of exactly the same weight. "She chose the hard pioneer life just to help her husband? Death would have been sweet."

"But she chose to be on the side of her husband, my dear," Mrs. Tilton went on in a low even voice. "This story, and a true one it is, has remained a guiding star in my life. It shows the place a wife has in life as a helpmate, the pulling of

a load together." Her thin hands rested in her lap.

"*Together*," Margaret framed the word softly, almost reverently.

"Yes, my child. God knew crossing life's path would be too difficult for man alone. He gave him a companion."

It was then the two women seemed to lay words aside and choose a silence.

At length Mrs. Tilton arose. "Well, I must be going." Then, turning, she laid her hand on Margaret's shoulder. "I hope you get to feeling better, my dear."

Margaret walked to the door with Mrs. Tilton. Outside the clouds had broken. The sky was glorious and bright. It was as if bleak October had moved back from the world, and summer had come to reign supreme again.

It was tears of joy, mingled with relief, which rolled down Margaret's cheeks when the door was closed after her visitor. All her pent-up feelings of the past three days left her. Margaret's heart was washed clean, and filled with satisfaction and sweet contentment.

She walked to the phone and dialed a number, then waited. "That you, John?" . . . . No, nothing's wrong with the children . . . . I'm all right, too, John. I feel wonderful! . . . I know you're busy, and I won't keep you. . . . I just wanted to tell you, John, I've made the right decision!"

* * * *

Mother Love

Hannah C. Ashby

How silently and swiftly
Time has sped the years;
I wear a white carnation
When Mother's Day appears.

Yet like a traveler of the deep
Who sights the northern star,
My mother's love still lights my path
Though shining from afar.

And in the great celestial plan
Where family ties still hold,
I know that she is waiting there—
Her love has not grown cold.

We know the stars that shine by night
Are never seen by day.
We walk by faith and not by sight;
She taught me how to pray.

"So Shall We Reap"

Maryhale Woolsey

As surely as we tend the splendid fields
Where grow our winter foods and next year's seed,
We cultivate the days — for they must yield
Life's memories on which old age will feed.

Sina Mortensen—Woman of Many Hobbies

IT would be difficult for "Aunt" Sina Mortensen of Mesa, Arizona, who was born January 19, 1868, at Pleasant Grove, Utah, to tell which of her hobbies is most important in her life, and which gives her the most pleasure.

She is particularly skilled in crocheting, and her many exquisite designs reveal a keen sense of artistry and color. She is an excellent quilter, her nimble fingers always flying on Relief Society work meeting day.

Her Church services have included many years as a teacher in Relief Society where she has served in varied capacities, becoming a member when she was fifteen years of age. Now a member of the Mesa First ward, and still a visiting teacher, she brings joy and comfort to many homes. She has also been Religion Class, Sunday School, and Primary teacher.

Come Gently, Spring

Christie Lund Coles

Come gently, Spring,
Upon this street,
Where youth once ran
With jet-swift feet.

Come gently, Spring,
To mark the years,
Where youth once shed
Its war-dark tears.

Come swiftly, Spring,
Peace thread your rain,
For youth is coming
Home again.

The Deeper Melody

Chapter 8—Conclusion

Alice Morrey Bailey

MARGARET was waiting for Steve on the steps of the nurse's home. He rushed up to her, gripped her elbows in his palms, and searched her face. Her eyes were enormous and brilliant in her chilled face. She looked near hysteria.

"Steve!" she said through stiff lips. "Steve, I've broken my engagement."

Light splintered in Steve's brain, but he held his physical reactions calm. He put her wordlessly into his car and headed for the mountains.

"Relax," he told her quietly. "Don't talk, but lean your head back and rest."

She leaned her head against the cushions and closed her eyes, but her set features told Steve she was not relaxing, and she was not resting. He drove on, praying silently for the right words to say, the right things to do. When he had reached a point high above the valley, he turned the car into a sideway and switched off the engine. There was no sound there except the gentle sighing of the pines, and no light except the moon, which was shining full and bright.

He turned to Margaret.

"Tell me about it," he commanded.

"It wasn't just one thing, Steve," she said without moving or opening her eyes. "It was many things—first the way I felt about him, and the way I felt about you. I said I felt guilty about that, but I thought it would come after we were married—the right feeling, I mean. And then you said admiration was not love."

Her incoherent words made beautiful sense to Steve, but he refrained from pressing the questions that rushed in upon him. "Go on," he said.

"It was finally the babies."

"The babies?" queried Steve.

"Your babies—Phyllis and Ilene. The way they came to me last Saturday. We quarreled about it, and you know, Steve, a quarrel is sometimes a very good thing. Truth comes out in a quarrel. Rex doesn't want children. He said he was never going to have any children, and I could jolly well make up my mind to that."

"Could a man really mean a thing like that?" marvelled Steve.

"He meant it, all right. He said he had worked hard for his place in his profession, and no encumbrance of children was going to change his course. He said family responsibilities had wrecked his father's career, forcing him into choices he did not want, and they were not going to wreck his. I could never change his ideas on that, or, in fact, anything else. I could see very clearly what my life would be. I would cease to be an individual. I could not even be a woman."

"Thank fortune you saw it in time, darling," Steve commented.

"Only, Steve! why didn't I see it before? Why did I have to wait

until everything was so hopelessly involved?"

"It isn't hopelessly involved."

"It is! It is! All those invitations sent out, all those gifts that have come—the parties, the people, and the disgrace. I don't mind for myself, but much as I disagree with Rex, how can I let him in for this? He is a prominent man, and there will be publicity and gossip. Especially when it was all my fault. He loathes publicity, and gossip might ruin him professionally."

"YOU are excited, dear. This thing has built up in your mind. His friends will be secretly relieved at not having so much to do, the gossips will be delighted with a choice tidbit until another one comes along, and what they say will build up his practice, not wreck it. It will not be easy, dearest, but we'll help you—your mother and I. Can you move from the nurse's home tonight? I'll put you in a hotel where no one can find you, and we'll do the telephoning."

She shook her head. "No. This is my music and I'll have to face it," she said, and Steve had to be content.

On the way back to the home Steve longed to explore what she had said about her feelings for him, but one glance at her face warned him she had taken the last ounce of emotion she could tolerate for one day, so he left her, full of worry for her, full of misgivings, at the steps where he had picked her up.

After he left her, however, the worries grew. By morning, if he knew Dr. Harmon, or any man, Steve reasoned, the fellow would have faced all these consequences and be willing to concede anything. He would be on the telephone or there to meet her, promising her anything her heart desired. In the face of all that was built up, could she withstand the man?

He went directly to Mrs. Crain, awakened her, and told her what had happened. "Great day!" she exclaimed, but sobered on the next thought. "It's going to be hard for her, Steve."

"It is," agreed Steve grimly, "I still think the hotel is a good idea. I'll make a reservation and send you there with your things. Get her, Mother Crain, as soon as you can. Get her away from that hospital and handle everything from the hotel. For her sake, and for mine, guard her from that oversized sense of duty."

The week that followed was the combined nightmare of anxiety and the heaven of seeing Margaret when he wished, of calling her several times a day, of taking her out every night, while her mother sat uncomplainingly with the children and aided and abetted his every plan.

He availed himself of all the messengers—flowers, books, and candy—that he had longed to use before, but in all that week he mentioned no word of his own love for her. It was more than concern for her; it was a point of pride. He did not want the company, even in her thinking, of the other man. He wanted her free and clear of Dr. Harmon before he brought his own love again to her attention. Rather, his messages were of gaiety, even nonsense.

"This is the night watchman making his rounds," he would report.

"Steve, you're insane," she would say, but her laughter was music to his ears.

HE took her to movies, quietly watching her face instead of the screen, to theatres, to dine and dance, and to the symphony to hear Jascha Heifetz. On the day she was to have been married he appeared at her hotel early in the morning and telephoned from the lobby.

"I'll give you and your mother ten minutes to dress, my lady. The children are out in the car, complete with lunch basket. Today we are going to Cripple Creek."

"Steve, I can't," she said miserably. He could tell she had been crying.

"I won't take no for an answer. Either you come down, or I'll come up."

"Don't you dare. I look a fright. Steve, you slave driver!"

She came, though, in twenty-five minutes, not ten, dressed in a plaid skirt and a white blouse, much bathed as to eyes, which were swollen in spite of it.

Mrs. Crain flashed Steve a secret look of misgiving and thanks. Steve ignored everything and loaded them in with high adventure.

"Have you ever been to Cripple Creek?" he asked them, and was glad they said no, because he felt he could rely on the magnificent Corley Mountain Highway to interest them.

Up and up they went, the road doubling back on itself in its sheer climb into grandeur. Steve was gratified to see color creep into Margaret's cheeks, excitement into her eyes, as she caught her breath in the dark beauty of aspens and pines, of lakes mirrored far below, of vista on vista unrolled, of solitude and loveliness. This was a veritable paradise of crag and forest, of glass-clear creeks and thundering cataracts. Steve had traveled it many times, but its beauty never failed to smite him anew. He felt a personal pride in showing it to Margaret and her mother. Even the little children watched the trees flash by in silent wonder.

THEY ate in a meadow two miles from Cripple Creek, beside a spring that bubbled out from between two rocks. A weather-browned log house, abandoned, sans doors and windows, stood at the edge of the forest. Margaret loved it.

"Oh, Steve! Look at it," she cried. "I want that sweet little house. This is a paradise. Wouldn't it be fun to live here?"

"It would, indeed," agreed Steve, deciding then and there to investigate the possibility of buying it for a vacation home. One could have horses and pasture them in the lush meadow for long trips in the surrounding mountains. It ought not to cost a great deal. "I have never passed this spot without thinking the same thing!"

"It's like a chapter from a Forty-niner tale," she said of Cripple Creek. "Steve, I can't believe it!"

It was picturesque, the old, shacky buildings mingled with the new of modern machinery, the steep streets, and the little church with the old-fashioned steeple just beyond the modern school and library.

As if to confirm Margaret's ob-

servation, a burro, long-eared and slightly larger than a big dog, ambled out into the street and stopped in front of Steve's car. He applied the brakes and was able to halt short of hitting it, and they waited while its small Mexican master, with high excitement, wildly expressive eyes, and vivid Latin invective, tried to pull the stubborn little animal off the street. It pulled back on the frayed rope around its neck, and sat upon its haunches.

The children shouted, Phyllis cried with fright, and Margaret and her mother laughed until they were weak. Several of the lad's friends came running; Steve got out of the car, and with concerted effort they pulled and pushed the determined little beast from in front of the car.

Yes, it was a day to remember, and it accomplished its purpose. The women were relaxed on the way home and the children slept. Steve delivered Margaret and her mother back at the hotel weary to the bone, which was, this time, exactly as he wanted it.

"She'll sleep tonight," prophesied Mrs. Crain. "She hasn't slept all week for thinking, and Dr. Harmon has pestered her every minute you haven't."

"She's had quite a week then, between us," said Steve contritely.

NEVERTHELESS, sharing Cripple Creek and the Corley Mountain Highway was solid and good within him, and only a sample of all the things he wanted to show her. He mentioned it to J. T. the next day.

"You took your best girl to Cripple Creek yesterday?" repeated J. T., swinging around to stare at him suspiciously. "Steve, are you still letting that secretary lead you around by the nose?"

"You jump at conclusions, J. T.," complained Steve. "You remember the nurse I told you about?"

A broad grin spread over J. T.'s face. "You cut out her beau!" he guessed.

"He cut himself out," Steve temporized. "She gave his ring back last week."

"You don't say!" remarked J. T. happily. "Have you popped the question yet?"

"You're too inquisitive," accused Steve, but went on, "I did that the day Sam was hurt. She turned me down."

"Hm-m," said J. T., wrinkling his brow in thought. "Steve, a man in your position should buy a home."

"I'm going to," said Steve. "I've been looking for just the right thing. The place I'm in isn't . . . ."

"I know just the right place for you," J. T. cut in. "A friend of mine built it a year ago. In fact, it isn't finished, and it's a bargain for twenty-three thousand."

"Twenty-three thousand!" exclaimed Steve. "What're you trying to do, J. T., line your friend's pockets at my expense? Where would I get that kind of money—or even a down payment?"

"You've got to learn to think in bigger terms, boy," said J. T. "As for the down payment, I've never given you the bonus on that Kettle Creek deal, and you've got it coming. You go see that house—and take the girl along with you."

He told Margaret nothing except that he had a surprise for her. She looked uncommonly well and

rested. Steve could hardly drive for looking at her. Her eyes were happy and her mouth at peace. Steve put his hand over hers which was lying in the seat between them. She jumped visibly and flushed with pleasure. "Are you as happy as you look today?"

MARGARET sighed. "Perhaps I should tell you that Rex left this morning for Boston. He had an offer there he has wanted to take. Dr. Hanson wanted him in with him here. In fact, he was using the loan of his home as a little pressure point to swing Rex his way—letting us get married from there."

"It is all finished, then? Are you sorry?"

"Sorry? No, Steve. No!"

It was Steve's turn to sigh, with huge relief.

Margaret looked at him sharply. "It strikes me, Steve, that, in my selfishness this past week—and before, I have given you a bad time."

"That you have, milady," agreed Steve lightly, "but you've given me heaven, too."

They had driven far out, toward the hills, and suddenly they were at the house. It was fabulous. "I can't believe this is it," said Steve.

"Believe it's what?" queried Margaret. "You mystify me, Steve. Whose gorgeous place is this?"

"The place we're going to buy," said Steve, preoccupied with ringing the doorbell. When there was no answer he stepped back and compared the number with the address J. T. had given him. "It's the one, all right. The key fits!"

They swung wide the door and entered, looking around in unbelief at the beauty which greeted them. They went from room to room with little cries of delight, calling attention of each other to artistic touches or clever features. The builders had trapped spaciousness, sunlight, and mountain water with rare woods, gleaming chrome, and expert workmanship. Terraced down a sharp incline, it was raw and unfinished in some places, beautifully finished in others. They came at last to the picture window in the living room. It looked down upon a potential garden of black loam, sloping gently to a crystal brook, with natural woods beyond. There was a small, but complete orchard newly leafed, and space for vegetables. Here was space for growing legs to run, work for hands.

"Five bedrooms!" Margaret was saying, "and all that black soil! Steve, we can plant . . . ."

She stopped short, lifting sweet, embarrassed eyes to Steve.

"You said it correctly, darling. We can plant."

He took a step toward her. "That kiss . . ." he began, thinking of the one in her office, the only one, but words were too slow.

"That kiss," she finished for him when she could breathe again, "was the final argument."

With No Regrets

Myrtle M. Dean

SHE came into my room; her eyes were sparkling pools of gladness, her lips were parted in a sweet smile. She was my youngest daughter, Marcia. A wave of happiness swept through me to see her there, young, beautiful, and good. I have reared her to be so, I thought, with a pleased satisfaction in me.

She spoke breathlessly, "Mother, Jerry has asked me to marry him. Oh, I'm so happy."

My stomach twisted into a knot, my heart sank heavily, and my surprise showed in my face. "Marry!" I said. "Why, darling, you are little more than a baby, and are barely out of high school. Of course Jerry is a fine boy, but there is plenty of time for marriage after you have done—oh, so many things."

I did not want to hurt her. I didn't want to tie her to my apron strings, but there was so much I had planned we would do together when we had time—when we had time I censured myself. Now I realized how I had let the daily grind of everyday things crowd out the little special things I had intended to do with my children. Marcia was my last one, and I clung to the thought of a little more time.

She looked at me, crestfallen. The bright gladness had fled from her eyes. "But Mother, we *are in love*, really in love," she said solemnly.

They were in love, and in September they were married. I tried to make her wedding a lovely one, but I was lonely and overwhelmed with regrets. Not for big things I had left undone. It was the little things—things that my children could have held close in memory all their days.

* * * * *

I heard footsteps on the front porch, and then little feet hurrying down the hall.

"Hi, Grandma, you got any cookies?" It was Jack and Judy, my son's children. Jack was seven and Judy five. "Mommy says we can come and see you a little while," Jack said.

I was glad there were cookies in the cookie jar. I looked at the clock, for their mother was careful about their eating between meals. It was just three o'clock, so a few cookies and a glass of milk would be all right. I took their hands and led them out to the kitchen. When they had finished eating we went out to the back garden. Judy flitted about like a lovely butterfly over the green grass. Jack hurried hither and thither exploring about the yard. They discovered a thing I had not seen there—a robin's nest in the red maple behind the house. There were four blue eggs nestled down in the softness of lint and feathers. They found a hornet's nest, shapely and beautifully fashioned, clinging to the eaves of the garage.

"I've seen hornet's nests, and the inside has little pockets like honeycomb," Jack said. "Do they eat honey like the bees do?" he asked.

I could not tell him, and I found there were many of their questions

that I could not answer. I must find out more about all these things. I wanted to keep up with my grandchildren.

Judy ran back in fear, as she heard the bees buzzing about the flowers. Some were deep in the heart of the honeysuckle blooms. Jack proudly explained how the bees stole nectar from the flowers and carried it to a hive and placed it in the honeycomb that they had made to hold their honey. I smiled at his knowledge.

Then the children lay in the shade on the grass to rest, while I sat nearby. We looked up at the blue ceiling of sky. Soft billowy clouds floated about, forming lovely pictures on the blue background. The children were delighted as they found them; flocks of white geese feeding by the side of a deep blue pond, fleecy lambs gamboling over the meadows, beautiful trees covered with downy snowflakes, and great giants trying to push stones off a mountainside and hurl them down to earth. Then there were ships filled with bold pirates sailing swiftly across the sea to capture the gold that clung to the western sky at sunset, and to carry away all the crimson robes and purple, silken shawls that were lying on the mountain top as the sun slipped out of sight. The children and I laughed together, and I felt lighthearted and happy after this afternoon spent with my grandchildren. Perhaps some of my regrets could be lessened by trying to help my grandchildren find more of the beauty and goodness each day can hold.

I had a great desire to help my young parents avoid regrets when their children would have gone to make homes of their own, to help them now to want to take snatches of every day to bind their children's hearts close by the things they could share. There are so many things to share: buttercups in the meadows, fish leaping in a sparkling stream, the lovely colors in a stone, a frightened rabbit or squirrel scampering away into the bushes. There is the wild, sweet aroma of burning mesquite or sage, with the hypnotic mystery of a veil of smoke from a campfire; then there are moments to quietly meditate and dream—dreams that uplift the spirit.

A morning sunrise is more than a signal to dress and eat a hurried meal, then rush to school or to work. Each rosy sunrise is the beginning of a wonderful new day. As the gray dawn flees after the quiet of the night, then come the morning sounds—the birds, with first their gentle chatter in the treetops, then a bursting forth into their sweetest songs. And every hour of every day can give something fine and beautiful.

It is worthwhile to enjoy the evening as the sun sinks low, and the sky is pointed with streaks of orange and gold and crimson, like fireworks sent up from some other world, when a soft glow is cast on the eastern hills that shelter the valley, the colors turning royal blue and terra cotta and smoky lavender which ends in misty gray, and then it is night. The lights of the day go out, but are replaced by a blue dome of sky filled with glittering, silver stars and a crescent moon.

Then comes the sweetest time of all, when the family has gathered after the long day—a time for re-

viewing of each other's doings; a bit of news or a chance adventure, time for reading, or the telling of a story. When the little one's eyes are heavy with sleepiness, cuddle them close and take them to fairyland, or better still, tell them a true story. Have you heard your child say, "Tell me about daddy when he was a little boy." "Tell me about mother when she was a child like me." One need not always tell thrilling tales of adventure, but just the little intimate things that draw the children close. Stories of grandparents, of their faith, and their pioneer adventures will bind their hearts to their forefathers.

Have you heard people say, many times, "If my parents had just told me more about their lives and of their people." "Why didn't I ask my father and mother more before they were gone? Now it is too late."

Perhaps the things that we crowd out of our days for want of time are the big things, after all. We will forget what we have eaten, the bed we slept in, and the grind of daily things, but the lovely times of closeness and beauty will linger to make our lives more glorious and our children's love more secure. With no regrets, we shall send them out to live joyous lives of their own.

Fallen Giant

Josephine J. Harvey

No longer will its shadow fall
Across the corner of my lawn;
Long, green fingers will not lift
To hold the shining dawn.

Yet in this quiet place,
My eyes will always see
The shadow-image
Of a well-remembered tree.

Motherhood

Ivinetta R. Oliver

So many tasks each day to do!
It seems to me I'm never through
With work. The house to clean.
The hands that need
Be washed, the knees to scrub,
And mouths to feed.
As all day long I hurry there
I wonder how my load I'll bear.

But when the western sky is red
And babes are gently tucked in bed,
Asleep, I sit me down
And softly sigh
Because my mending box
Is piled so high.
I sew, and rock, and doze a bit;
I am so tired when lamps are lit.

And Dad, beside me, reads the news,
Contented is my mood. I muse
And smile. I do not care
How tired my feet.
We have our own dear home
And babies sweet.
I'll do each task as best I can
And ask no more of life's brief span.

Thou Shalt Never Cease to Grow

Caroline Eyring Miner

She is over eighty, that wonderful mother of mine, and she is following the unwritten commandment, *Thou shalt never cease to grow*, literally. She is a member of the stake Sunday School board and does her studying and her visiting religiously. She is still reading for the public at showers and other entertainments; she still loves books, particularly the scriptures, and reads much. Her enthusiasm in life and in the beauties of nature is undiminished. She is ageless, and largely, because she has never ceased to grow.

"The glory of God is intelligence" (D. & C. 93:36), is a philosophy of the Church to which we should give more than lip service. It has been stated in other ways: "As man is, God once was, and as God is man may become." How is this possible? By making the most of our time and talents.

Time does not hang heavy on the hands of one who keeps the commandment, *Thou shalt never cease to grow*. Interesting things to learn about and to learn to do, are infinite. Think of Grandma Moses, Winston Churchill, and others who have adventured into painting or other new fields in later years.

I recall as a child the many occasions when we read some of the choice books together, Tennyson's poems, *The Last of the Mohicans*, *David Copperfield*, the stories from the Bible and The Book of Mormon. We all learned to love books as children, and it has been a priceless heritage. There was an active participation in reading that our television-watching children of today can never know. There was a freer choice of what was enjoyed.

We took many walks as children, analyzing rocks, gathering and examining wild flowers, enjoying the sunset and the sunrise, and the birds' singing and nesting. We loved to lie on our backs and watch the varied cloud formations; I still trace in memory the intricate patterns of ice and frost we studied and loved as children. We were keeping the commandment to grow always.

All nature seems to follow this command: a tree puts on ring after ring of growth as long as life lasts; a seed pushes up and up through cement cracks or under porches, overcoming any handicap to grow and grow. Bodies, both human and animal, grow and change as long as life lasts.

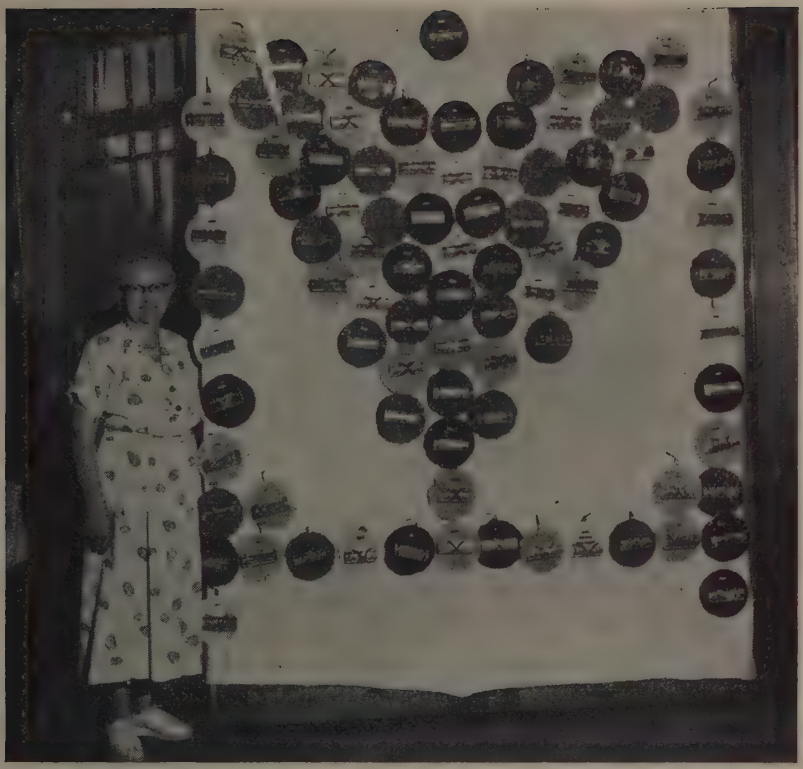
"Thou shalt never cease to grow" is a commandment every mother should exemplify and teach to her children, for in keeping that commandment one will have eternal youth and happiness.

Vacation Just Beyond

Mary Gustafson

New lambs run the pasture,
Calves frisk in meadow-green.
Puppies chase the kittens
With just a pace between.

A colt romps through the morning,
Three ducklings swim the pond;
And sonny counts the hours away
To summer, just beyond.



Magazine Money Banks

Ida G. Garrett, St. Anthony Second Ward, Yellowstone Stake, Displays the Money Banks Which Provided 114 *Magazine* Subscriptions for Her Ward

IN January 1953, Sister Garrett made unique *Magazine* banks and distributed them among the members of her ward so that when the time came for the renewal of subscriptions, each sister would have her money ready — and never miss the $1.50.

When the special "*Magazine* Day" arrived, seventy-five women were present, all bringing in their banks, which were then opened. Some of the sisters had saved more than enough money to pay for their *Magazines*, others a few cents less, and some had saved just enough for the price of a subscription. The result was twenty-five new subscriptions and eighty-nine renewals, making a total of 114 *Magazines* placed in a ward with only ninety-six members.

On this special "*Magazine* Day," a program, taken entirely from the *Magazine*, was presented, and the *Magazine* representative had new banks ready for the sisters to begin saving subscription money for another year.

The banks were made by fastening two paper plates together with tinfoil, and trimmed with ribbon. The banks were colorful and attractive and added to the decoration of the home kitchens. A small slit was made in the top of each bank for the insertion of coins.

Magazine Subscriptions for 1953

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp

THE loyalty, appreciation, and zeal which *Relief Society Magazine* representatives devote to their work of placing *The Relief Society Magazine* in Latter-day Saint homes and the support of the Relief Society officers, are greatly appreciated by the general board. Through the outstanding services of *Magazine* representatives *The Relief Society Magazine* as of December 31, 1953, was found in 121,014 homes. This *Magazine* for women goes into more Church homes than any other Church magazine.

Latter-day Saint standards are reflected in all the contents of the *Magazine*. The Relief Society lessons contained therein, if studied and lived, will implement the words of the Prophet Joseph Smith when he directed that this society should save souls and that the society should assist by correcting the morals and strengthening the virtues of the community.

It is a far-reaching service which *Magazine* representatives perform in placing *The Relief Society Magazine* in the homes of the sisters of the Church. Many who excel in their calling have given years of devoted service. Year after year, some of the same names appear with outstanding records of achievement on the honor roll.

While all manuscripts which are submitted for publication are not accepted, it gives the general board satisfaction to find how widespread geographically are the submissions of sisters who show a desire to increase their writing talents and speak to the sisterhood throughout the world from the pages of *The Relief Society Magazine*.

With the increase of 7,613 subscriptions in 1953 over 1952, the hearts of ward and stake *Magazine* representatives should rejoice. Fifteen more stakes made the honor roll in 1953 than in 1952 and there were sixty-seven stakes which achieved 100 per cent or over (nearly one-third of all the stakes); there were forty-seven who made percentages between ninety and one hundred; and forty-six who made percentages from eighty to ninety. The average number of subscriptions steadily rises each year.

The general board is happy that the support of the sisters enables their *Magazine* to continue to be published by and for them, and, in addition, rejoices to realize that this type of reading material, calculated to encourage and ennoble, is welcomed into Latter-day Saint homes throughout the world.

Honors for Highest Ratings

Stake

South Los Angeles (California) 245%
Magazine Representative—Nancy Rupp

Ward

Downey First Ward, South Los Angeles Stake (California) 329%
Magazine Representative—Connie Price

Missions

Western States—115%
Mission Relief Society President—Mildred M. Dillman

Mission District

West Nebraska District, Western States Mission, 203%
District *Magazine* Representative—Emma Mae Allen

Mission Branch

Skamokawa Branch—360%
Puget Sound District, Northwestern States Mission
Magazine Representative—Anna Jean Hedelius

Ten Highest Percentages in Stakes

South Los Angeles	245	Nancy Rupp
San Joaquin	150	Retta J. Watkins
Nyssa	147	Mae A. Boyer
Glendale	140	Elsie Weber
Oquirrh	132	Enid O. Heise
Minidoka	127	Myrtle C. Lloyd
Provo	126	Flora Buggert
Shelley	124	Merle Young
Rexburg	124	Martha J. Erickson
Burley	120	Leona Budge
East Los Angeles	120	Zelma Beck

Missions Achieving Ten Highest Percentages

Western States	115	Mildred M. Dillman
Central States	113	Annie M. Ellsworth
New England	95	Carol Clark
California	94	La Priel Bunker
Texas-Louisiana	91	Phyllis D. Smith
Northern States	89	Nettie P. Smoot
North Central States	86	Laura M. Hawkes
West Central States	85	Marteal W. Hendricks
Canadian	85	Anna H. Toone
Western Canadian	85	Elizabeth H. Zimmerman

Ten Stakes With Highest Number of Subscriptions

	No. Subscriptions		No. Subscriptions
South Los Angeles	2432	Moapa	910
Blackfoot	987	Sevier	846
Mesa	961	Big Horn	845
Glendale	958	Burley	822
San Fernando	929	East Long Beach	817

Ten Missions With Highest Number of Subscriptions

	No. Subscriptions		No. Subscriptions
Central States	1288	Northwestern States	883
Texas-Louisiana	1230	Central Atlantic States	831
Southern States	1158	California	680
Western States	1032	Eastern States	678
West Central States	901	Great Lakes	639

Stakes in Which All the Wards Achieved 100% or Above

Bonneville ..... Ruth Peterson
Burley ..... Leona Budge
East Long Beach ..... Margaret Bryan
East Los Angeles ..... Zelma Beck
Glendale ..... Elsie Weber
Grant ..... Caroline R. Bennett
Long Beach ..... Ethel Sponberg
Moapa ..... Florence A. Johnson
Nyssa ..... Mae A. Boyer
Pasadena ..... Louise Willard
Pocatello ..... Margaret Thomas
Rexburg ..... Martha J. Erickson
San Joaquin ..... Retta J. Watkins
Santa Monica ..... Lillie K. Whitehead
Shelley ..... Merle Young
South Los Angeles.... Nancy Rupp

Mission Percentages on Honor Roll

Western States	115	Canadian	85
Central States	113	Western Canadian	85
New England	95	Eastern States	84
California	94	Northern California	84
Texas-Louisiana	91	Southern States	84
Northern States	89	Northwestern States	83
North Central States	86	Central Atlantic States	75
West Central States	85		

Stakes by Percentages

South Los Angeles	245	Union	116	Wilford	107
San Joaquin	150	Palo Alto	116	Grant	107
Nyssa	147	Santa Monica	115	New York	107
Glendale	140	Long Beach	114	Nampa	106
Oquirrh	132	Moapa	113	East Sharon	106
Minidoka	127	Idaho Falls	113	Riverdale	106
Provo	126	San Bernardino	113	Bonneville	106
Shelley	124	Boise	112	Sevier	106
Rexburg	124	South Salt Lake	111	North Tooele	105
Burley	120	Pocatello	110	Portneuf	105
East Los Angeles	120	Pasadena	110	Liberty	105
East Long Beach	118	Cassia	110	North Idaho Falls	105
San Fernando	117	Bear River	110	Sacramento	105

South Box Elder	104	Gooding	94	Layton	82
Tacoma	104	Lehi	93	Lorin Farr	82
North Rexburg	104	Uintah	93	Farr West	81
Phoenix	104	Sharon	93	Richland	81
Oakland	104	Wasatch	93	Emery	81
East Mill Creek	104	West Jordan	92	Mt. Logan	80
East Riverside	103	Monument Park	92	Wayne	80
North Pocatello	103	Spokane	92	Alberta	79
Ogden	103	Salmon River	91	Snowflake	79
South Idaho Falls	103	Smithfield	91	Kanab	79
Granite	102	Gridley	91	Wells	79
North Box Elder	102	Maricopa	91	Nebo	78
Tooele	102	South Ogden	90	Franklin	78
Bountiful	102	North Carbon	90	Temple View	78
Mt. Rubidoux	102	Washington	90	Woodruff	78
Emigration	102	Seattle	90	Young	78
San Diego	101	Grantsville	90	North Weber	78
West Pocatello	101	Mt. Graham	90	Reno	78
Portland	101	Nevada	89	Lost River	78
Bannock	101	East Jordan	89	East Lethbridge	77
American Falls	100	Utah	89	East Provo	77
Highland	100	Cache	89	Montpelier	77
Sugar House	100	Cedar	89	Juab	77
Yellowstone	100	South Bear River	88	North Sanpete	76
East Ogden	100	Southern Arizona	87	Pioneer	76
Carbon	100	University	87	Hillside	76
North Jordan	100	Mt. Jordan	87	Roosevelt	76
Rigby	100	Cannon	87	South Sevier	76
Denver	99	Butte	87	Williamette	76
San Juan	99	Mt. Ogden	87	Santa Barbara	75
Mesa	99	Columbia River	87	Detroit	75
Weiser	99	Orem	87	Hyrum	74
Ben Lomond	99	Park	86	East Cache	74
Humboldt	99	North Davis	86	South Davis	74
Malad	99	Berkeley	86	Beaver	73
Zion Park	99	Teton	86	Idaho	73
Taylor	98	Star Valley	86	Santaquin-Tintic	72
Mill Creek	98	Lethbridge	85	Logan	71
St. Joseph	98	Parowan	85	South Summit	71
San Jose	98	Duchesne	85	Garfield	71
Raft River	98	Bear Lake	85	Juarez	70
Blackfoot	97	Salt Lake	85	North Sevier	69
San Francisco	97	Chicago	84	Millard	69
Twin Falls	97	Uvada	84	Panguitch	69
Inglewood	97	Weber	84	St. Johns	69
Big Horn	96	Palmyra	84	Moon Lake	68
Bakersfield	96	Alpine	84	Riverside	68
El Paso	95	Oneida	83	Lake View	68
St. George	95	Florida	83	Summit	66
West Utah	95	Davis	83	South Sanpete	65
Cottonwood	95	Klamath	83	Gunnison	64
Kolob	95	Santa Rosa	83	Lyman	62
Murray	94	San Luis	83	Moroni	60
Deseret	94	Benson	82	Morgan	59
East Rigby	94	Blaine	82	South Carolina	54
Timpanogos	94	Los Angeles	82	Oahu	49
Ensign	94	Fresno	82		

STAKES ON HONOR ROLL—1953

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Alberta Stake	650	516	79	Afton L. Remington
Alpine Stake	828	692	84	Sadie Meredith
American Falls Stake	324	325	100	Harriet Peterson
Bakersfield Stake	342	328	96	Ethel Phillips
Bannock Stake	353	355	101	Ida Sorenson
Bear Lake Stake	522	443	85	Millie Sprouse
Bear River Stake	461	505	110	Rennis A. Larkin
Ben Lomond Stake	342	338	99	Helen W. Jensen
Benson Stake	631	520	82	Ruth J. White
Berkeley Stake	561	483	86	Bertha Anderson
Big Horn Stake	876	845	96	Elma S. Johnson
Blackfoot Stake	1013	987	97	Almira Clayton
Blaine Stake	268	221	82	Ruth W. Benson
Boise Stake	689	769	112	L. Emma Cordon
Bonneville Stake	684	726	106	Ruth Peterson
Bountiful Stake	636	648	102	Myrtle B. Hatch
Burley Stake	683	822	120	Leona Budge
Butte Stake	288	250	87	Harriet Millecam
Cache Stake	603	535	89	Orilla J. Lucas
Cannon Stake	284	247	87	Jessie Johnson
Carbon Stake	616	613½	100	Gertrude Edwards
Cassia Stake	195	214	110	Jane R. Hale
Cedar Stake	641	568	87	Venice W. Prince
Chicago Stake	424	358	84	Florence G. Andrew
Columbia River Stake	417	360	87	Della V. Davis
Gridley Stake	385	351	91	Violet Gray
Highland Stake	782	785	100	Lucy Harman
Hillside	860	650½	76	Dorothy C. Bushnell
Humboldt Stake	171	169	99	Charlotte S. Ferguson
Idaho Falls Stake	465	524½	113	Ila Stoddard
Inglewood Stake	687	663	97	Magdalen Lake
Juab Stake	543	415	77	Allige L. Anderson
Kanab Stake	444	349	79	Nellie Heaton
Klamath Stake	353	292	83	DeEtte Wray
Kolob Stake	794	752	95	Ivy C. Anderson
Layton Stake	409	335	82	Dorsey Hodgson
Lehi Stake	525	490	93	Hazel May Bone
Lethbridge Stake	451	385	85	Emily Anderson
Liberty Stake	772	812½	105	Emily Platt Smith
Long Beach Stake	660	750	114	Ethel Sponberg
Lorin Farr Stake	421	344	82	Maude Close
Los Angeles Stake	582	480	82	Velma Shurley
Lost River Stake	241	187	78	Evelyn Pearson
Malad Stake	578	571	99	Mary B. Bush
Maricopa Stake	781	709	91	Opal W. Williams
Mesa Stake	967	961	99	Lola White
Mill Creek Stake	454	445	98	Alberta Startup
Minidoka Stake	493	628¼	127	Myrtle C. Lloyd
Moapa Stake	806	910	113	Florence A. Johnson
Montpelier Stake	658	505	77	Hilda Parker

Cottonwood Stake	693	659	95	Mildred A. Mollerup	Monument Park Stake	512	470	92	Hazel Swain
Davis Stake	656	543	83	Effie B. Miller	Mt. Graham Stake	612	548	90	Myrtle Tenney
Denver Stake	546	542	99	Bernice H. Brown	Mt. Jordan Stake	621	541	87	Bertha S. Powell
Deseret Stake	753	707	94	Alpha Nielson	Mt. Logan Stake	624	499	80	Mary M. Larsen
Detroit Stake	322	241	75	Nora Jane Souter	Mt. Ogden Stake	639	554	87	Iona D. Coombs
Duchesne Stake	253	215	85	Ora Holgate	Mt. Rubidoux Stake	425	433	102	Hilda Peel
East Jordan Stake	699	623½	89	Lovenna S. Cook	Murray Stake	747	704	94	Clara M. Duffin
East Lethbridge Stake	458	353	77	June N. Allred	Nampa Stake	582	619	106	Isabell Svedin
East Long Beach Stake	690	817	118	Margaret Bryan	Nebo Stake	721	565½	78	Emma Wilson
East Los Angeles Stake	657	791	120	Zelma Beck	Nevada Stake	364	325	89	Susan A. Mulliner
East Mill Creek Stake	604	626	104	Mary T. Maxfield	New York Stake	233	249	107	Glenette C. Jones
East Ogden Stake	513	512	100	Karene N. Straw	North Box Elder Stake	591	604	102	Christina N. Bott
East Provo Stake	580	447	77	Sarah H. Passey	North Carbon Stake	448	404	90	Lydia Bendall
East Rigby Stake	561	526	94	Dale Burtenshaw	North Davis Stake	554	478	86	Elsie J. Bennett
East Riverside Stake	464	478	103	Erma L. Haslam	No. Idaho Falls Stake	714	751	105	Janet L. Landon
East Sharon Stake	287	305	106	Edna M. Hansen	North Jordan Stake	722	719	100	Elthura Mackay
El Paso Stake	286	273	95	Wilhelmina Bowman	North Pocatello Stake	389	400	103	Opal K. Green
Emery Stake	682	550	81	Fern M. Chappell	North Rexburg Stake	627	654	104	Arvilla Parkinson
Emigration Stake	405	412	102	Emily C. Pollei	North Sanpete Stake	618	468½	76	Ruby T. Hansen
Ensign Stake	863	807	94	Emma P. Imlay	North Tooele Stake	457	482	105	Jennie A. Wallin
Farr West Stake	534	431	81	Bertha R. England	North Weber Stake	592	461	78	Louise T. Randall
Florida Stake	417	346	83	Renie Tompkins	Nyssa Stake	379	557	147	Mae A. Boyer
Franklin Stake	773	606	78	Phyllis W. Kingsford	Oakland Stake	648	672	104	Agnes M. Nelson
Fresno Stake	352	290	82	Claris Matheson	Ogden Stake	632	649½	103	Chloe F. Summerill
Glendale Stake	686	958	140	Elsie Weber	Oneida Stake	660	551	83	Eulalia W. Larsen
Gooding Stake	466	436	94	Mary Roy	Oquirrh Stake	448	592	132	Enid O. Heise
Granite Stake	639	654½	102	Clara M. Love	Orem Stake	513	444	87	Alice W. Harris
Grant Stake	648	692½	107	Caroline R. Bennett	Palmyra Stake	964	807	84	Juanita J. Howard
Grantsville Stake	320	287	90	Ruth Rydalch	Palo Alto Stake	426	494	116	Dorothy J. Peterson

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Park Stake	765	661½	86	Pearl E. Rohde
Parowan Stake	366	312	85	Bertha W. Mitchell
Pasadena Stake	718	789	110	Louise Willard
Phoenix Stake	924	963	104	Claradell S. De Witt
Pioneer Stake	532	403½	76	Lucille P. Noyce
Pocatello Stake	463	510	110	Margaret Thomas
Portland Stake	448	453	101	Dolores E. Zobelle
Portneuf Stake	439	463	105	Ada L. Parris
Provo Stake	473	594	126	Flora Buggert
Raft River Stake	178	174	98	Alice O. Neddo
Reno Stake	584	454	78	Louise L. Bell
Rexburg Stake	594	736	124	Martha J. Erickson
Richland Stake	453	366	81	Lillian Patterson
Rigby Stake	699	696	100	Sara Simmons
Riverdale Stake	387	411	106	Ruby B. Erickson
Roosevelt Stake	571	432	76	Ona W. Taylor
Sacramento Stake	670	704	105	Martha V. Gattiker
St. George Stake	750	716	95	Agnes S. Pickett
St. Joseph Stake	519	509	98	Nira P. Lee
Salmon River Stake	151	138	91	Eunice Hartvegson
Salt Lake Stake	849	720	85	Franziska E. L. Kooymen
San Bernardino Stake	327	368	113	Evelyn W. Heath
San Diego Stake	667	676	101	Enid Miller
San Fernando Stake	797	929	117	Helen Yaple
San Francisco Stake	386	373	97	Josephine Danford
San Joaquin Stake	413	621	150	Retta J. Watkins
Twin Falls Stake	662	640	97	Ruth Lanning
Uintah Stake	740	690	93	Elsie M. Palmer
Union Stake	441	513	116	Lenora Blanchard
University Stake	571	499	87	Etta B. Cowles
Utah Stake	468	417	89	Bertha Memmott
Uvada Stake	292	246	84	Betty L. Young
Wasatch Stake	662	614	93	Gladys Blackley
Washington Stake	550	496	90	Mary E. Stimpson
Wayne Stake	322	257	80	Emma B. Forsyth
Weber Stake	783	659	84	Florence W. Wright
Weiser Stake	418	414	99	Amy R. Williams
Wells Stake	880	692½	79	Mabel E. Wood
West Jordan Stake	866	796	92	Elma S. Johnson
West Pocatello Stake	657	666	101	Ione Slayden
West Utah Stake	555	528½	95	Cleo L. Thatcher
Wilford Stake	635	679	107	Dorothy R. Larson
Willamette Stake	396	299	76	Mary Ann Lamoreaux
Woodruff Stake	527	414	78	Naomi Harris
Yellowstone Stake	684	684	100	Edna Heward
Young Stake	393	307	78	Josephine H. Maher
Zion Park Stake	369	364	99	Lillian E. Roundy

San Jose Stake	330	323	98	Irene D. Perkins
San Juan Stake	397	394	99	Vivian W. Redd
San Luis Stake	499	412	83	Opal McDaniel
Santa Barbara Stake	335	252	75	Edith G. Swonger
Santa Monica Stake	449	516	115	Lillie K. Whitehead
Santa Rosa Stake	432	357	83	Eva Southwick
Seattle Stake	551	495	90	Chelta D. Brown
Sevier Stake	797	846	106	Beth V. Anderson
Sharon Stake	376	349	93	Dezzie Lamb
Shelley Stake	598	742	124	Merle Young
Smithfield Stake	662	604	91	Althea Perkins
Snowflake Stake	744	588	79	Charlotte R. Allen
South Bear River Stake	551	485	88	Marjorie Stenquist
South Box Elder Stake	608	635	104	Edith E. Baddley
South Idaho Falls Stake	534	548	103	Renee J. Nielsen
So. Los Angeles Stake	993	2432	245	Nancy Rupp
South Ogden Stake	441	399	90	Laura M. Shearer
South Salt Lake Stake	685	759	111	Hedy T. Davies
South Sevier Stake	530	400½	76	Louise Christiansen
Southern Arizona Stake	500	437	87	Edna B. Allred
Spokane Stake	415	380	92	Edna H. Bennion
Star Valley Stake	735	629	86	Ethel R. Merrett
Sugar House Stake	757	757	100	Alta W. Whitehead
Tacoma Stake	405	423	104	Afton B. Dickson
Taylor Stake	637	625	98	H. Della Blumel
Temple View Stake	741	580½	78	Zina G. Maland
Teton Stake	460	395½	86	Ruby F. Christiansen
Timpanogos Stake	543	509	94	Ora W. Thorne
Tooele Stake	414	422	102	Jewel Halgren

MISSIONS

California Mission	726	680	94	LaPriel Bunker
Canadian Mission	363	308	85	Anna H. Toone
Central Atlantic States Mission	1106	831	75	Mabel M. Nalder
Central States Mission	1141	1288	113	Annie M. Ellsworth
Eastern States Mission	806	678	84	Eva C. Taylor
New England Mission	369	349	95	Carol Clark
North Central States Mission	362	310	86	Laura M. Hawkes
Northern California Mission	289	243	84	Amelia P. Gardner
Northern States Mission	654	584	89	Nettie P. Smoot
Northwestern States Mission	970	883	83	Mavil A. McMurrin
Southern States Mission	1380	1158	84	Emily E. Ricks
Texas-Louisiana Mission	1346	1230	91	Phyllis D. Smith
West Central States Mission	1060	901	85	Marteal W. Hendricks
Western Canadian Mission	437	370	85	Elizabeth H. Zimmerman
Western States Mission	900	1014	115	Mildred W. Dillman

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Blanche K. Reid

WEST JORDAN STAKE (UTAH), BINGHAM WARD LUNCHEON AND VALENTINE PARTY HONORS CLASS LEADERS AND VISITING TEACHERS

Seated, center, front row: Blanche K. Reid, President; at Sister Reid's left, First Counselor Ruth Jacques; and at Sister Reid's right, Second Counselor Lily Timothy and Secretary-Treasurer Phoebe Siddoway.

Sister Reid, in reporting this happy occasion, writes: "Dora B. Callicott, President, West Jordan Stake Relief Society, and her Counselor Mae Johnson were in attendance, and Sister Callicott gave a very inspirational address. She complimented the visiting teachers for their one hundred per cent record for the past two years, and the *Magazine* agent for obtaining one hundred per cent in 1953 and ninety-three per cent in 1952, and the excellent work of the class leaders — all of these contributing to the Bingham Relief Society having the highest average attendance in the West Jordan Stake . . . . Our chapel is situated on the side hill and must be reached by a series of cement steps, which many sisters cannot climb, so this attendance is quite an honor. Our population is ever changing. Last year there were eighteen changes in the visiting teachers. We have only one former president living in the ward."

Photograph submitted by Viola Porritt

SOUTH BEAR RIVER STAKE (UTAH), TREMONTON THIRD WARD VISITING TEACHERS WHO ACHIEVED ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR TWO YEARS HONORED AT BANQUET
January 22, 1954

Front row, seated, left to right: Eliza Holland; Winifred Barfuss; Ethel Hamson; Lydia Roberts; Carol Stenquist; Hildur Stumm; Adna Conger; Elma Fuller.

Second row, standing, left to right: Evelyn Jepperson; Belva Skinner; Louie Stokes; Lillian Barfuss; Margaret Smith; Ethel Hamson; Alice Mae Buxton; Nola Rhodes; Ina Claire Fuller; Afton Rhodes; Vera John; Irene Kerr; Geneve Walker; Tekla Stenquist.

Third row, standing, left to right: Dorthea Stenquist, visiting teacher supervisor; Hazel Roberts; Mae Roundy; Virginia Hansen; Aletha Kounely; Bernice Dedrickson; Greta Stenquist; Marcella Jeppson; Sarah John; June Lee.

Gertrude Iverson, a visiting teacher supervisor, is not in the picture.

A program was given, and each teacher was presented with a Relief Society pin.

Rebecca Mortensen is president of South Bear River Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Grace West

MURRAY STAKE (UTAH), MURRAY EIGHTH WARD VISITING TEACHERS WHO HAVE ACHIEVED A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR TWO YEARS

Front row, seated, left to right: Kay Nebeker; Dwella Hamblin; Clara Knight, Secretary; Helen Barrett, Second Counselor; Grace West, President; Erma Fairbanks, First Counselor; Mary Sabine; Olive Harding; Effie Jewell.

Second row, seated, left to right: Clara Duffin; Effie Miller; Constance Aamodt; Ione Moulton; Lottie Evans; Lois Hodginson; June Rogerson; Mary Nelson.

Third row, standing, left to right: Martha Johnson; Wilhelmina Asmus; Oda Parks; Jane Jensen; Millie Nuffer; Donna Walker; Zadia Norman; Edith Shelley; Pearl Ohlwiler; Laura Peterson; Effie Jensen; Annie Williams; Thelma Colgrove.

Ida A. Gallagher is president of Murray Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Alice I. Ferrin

GRIDLEY STAKE (CALIFORNIA) RELIEF SOCIETY PRESENTS "VOICE OF THE PEOPLE" AT UNION MEETING,
January 27, 1954

Stake chorister Theresa Sims stands at the right on the third row; stake organist Bernice French at the right on the second row; director of "Voice of the People," Dorothy Fife, stands at the left on the third row; Alice I. Ferrin, President, Gridley Stake Relief Society, stands at the left on the second row.

Regarding this inspirational occasion, Sister Ferrin writes: "At our January union meeting we presented the very impressive special program which was given at our October Relief Society conference. We divided the program into speaking, choral groups, and Singing Mothers. We assigned different wards to do certain parts of these . . . . We invited all officers and class leaders and all visiting teachers and anyone else who wished to attend, including the members of the Priesthood. The program was very well attended and well received. We feel that all who saw it had an increased appreciation of our heritage."

Photograph submitted by Adella Ellis

BEN LOMOND STAKE (UTAH), PLEASANT VIEW WARD VISITING TEACHERS HONORED AT A BANQUET FOR FIVE YEAR ACHIEVEMENT OF ONE HUNDRED PER CENT VISITING TEACHING

February 5, 1954

Front row, seated, left to right: Elizabeth Jones; Lettie Ferrin; Susannah Johns; Florence Jensen; Emma Wade; Hattie Tarran, Secretary, Pleasant View Ward Relief

Society; Adella Ellis, President; Norma Ferrin, First Counselor; Beth Parker, Second Counselor; Sarah Call, visiting teacher message leader; Eliza Tolman.

Second row, standing, left to right: Mary Case; Thelma Rhees; Josephine Budge; Florence Christofferson; Verna Christofferson; Verna Mayhew; Oles Rhees; Sarah Johns; Lettie Berrett; Amelia Dickamore; Edna Bailey; Mary Walton; Olive Larsen stake visiting teacher message leader; Hazel Kirk.

Third row, standing, left to right: Elizabeth Harris; Jennice Barker; Elberta Critchlow; Ruth Jones; Grace Williams; Elizabeth Rhees; Lucille Tams; Mildred Cragun, First Counselor, Ben Lomond Stake Relief Society; Eleanor T. Nielsen, President, Ben Lomond Stake Relief Society; Mildred Cottle, Second Counselor, Ben Lomond Stake Relief Society; Minnie Roylance, Secretary, Ben Lomond Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Joan W. Coombs

TONGAN MISSION, RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES AT DEDICATION OF LIAHONA COLLEGE, December 1953

The Singing Mothers are seen grouped in the background, and in the front row are four members of the cast of a play given by the Relief Society. The girls are dressed as nurses, and the play was centered around the life of Florence Nightingale. Both the chorus and the girls dressed as nurses are from the Vavau District. The woman standing seventh from the right in the back row is Salote Wolfgramm, President of Vavau District Relief Society.

Joan W. Coombs, President, Tongan Mission Relief Society, reports that the dedication of the college was an outstanding event in the history of this mission: "There were around 1,000 people to the dedication, including the Queen of Tonga, and many of the highly respected Tongan nobility . . . . Mata'aho, Princess and wife of the Crown Prince, Tungi, opened the bazaar, and then it was opened to the general public, who . . . bought every article in the house in less than an hour . . . . The evening of the bazaar our Relief Societies presented a lovely concert and a group of plays from each district."

Photograph submitted by Ione J. Simpson

SOUTH IDAHO FALLS STAKE, ELEVENTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS AND CHILDREN

Standing, back row, left to right: Second Counselor Verla Hickman; First Counselor Bessie Dawson; President ReVon H. Porter.

Ione J. Simpson, President, South Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society, reports: "This ward is composed of very young mothers. Always the children outnumber the mothers. The ward was organized in January 1952, with thirty-one Relief Society members. Today, the average attendance is over fifty. This photograph was taken at a regular theology meeting, with fifty-six mothers and sixty-four children present. This group also has an outstanding Singing Mothers chorus. They have appeared on television, have presented a half-hour program once each month over radio station KID, as well as singing for many ward activities. Typical of their name, Singing Mothers, the twenty-seven original members boast a total of eighty-eight children."

Photograph submitted by Alice Alldredge

MOAPA STAKE (NEVADA) VISITING TEACHERS WHO HAVE ACHIEVED ONE HUNDRED PER CENT DURING THE PAST YEAR

Standing, center front, wearing dotted white tunic: Alice Alldredge, President, Moapa Stake Relief Society; Amy Wells, stake theology leader, next, at right; Hermese Thiess, stake music director, extreme right.

Standing, second row, back of Sister Alldredge and to the right, Glenna Waite, President, Logandale Ward Relief Society.

Standing, next to the back row, and first at left: Thelma Adams, President, Las Vegas Sixth Ward Relief Society; twelfth from the left, in the same row, Winnie Prince, President Henderson Second Ward Relief Society.

Standing, sixth from left, in the back row, Ann L. Jones, President, Henderson First Ward Relief Society.

The picture was taken at a recent annual convention and luncheon honoring the visiting teachers of the stake. During the convention an inspirational testimony meeting was held, with over two hundred in attendance.

Photograph submitted by Madge P. Fowler

PASADENA STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT A "CHORAL FESTIVAL"

December 4th and December 5th, 1953

Front row, seated: eighth from the left, LaVir Millard, director; tenth from the left, Macie Evans, organist; insert, at left, Helen Wright, pianist.

Madge P. Fowler, President, Pasadena Stake Relief Society, reports that these Singing Mothers practiced once a week for a whole year before giving these concerts. "Four months before the concerts were to be given, Sister Wright moved away, but she drove one hundred and fifty miles once a week to practice with the group and played for them both nights the concert was given. The organ was used with four numbers . . . . We are very proud of this fine group as the concerts were some of the loveliest ever presented in the stake."

For Wood Violets

Ethel Jacobson

Purple is for regal things—for iris tall,
For massed bougainvillea on a marble wall,
For a king's raiment, a sleek pigeon's breast,
And peaks of lofty mountains where cloud crowns rest.

Purple is for petals stitched among the leaves
On a forest altar beneath the oak's wide eaves,
For love-shadowed eyes, and for dusk's folded wings;
The violet's robes are for blessed things.

Sacred Music for LADIES THREE-PART CHORUSES

..... Beside Still Waters—Hamblen..... .20
..... Bless This House—Brahe ..... .16
..... If Christ Came Back—O'Hara ..... .20
..... In His Steps—Wilson ..... .20
..... I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked—O'Hara ..... .22
..... I Will Exalt Thee, O Lord—Harris .... .15
..... O Lord Most Holy—Franck ..... .16
..... Oh, May I Know the Lord As Friend—Madsen ..... .20
..... O Saviour of the World—Goss-Ray.... .15
..... Seek Ye the Lord—Roberts ..... .15

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Bright Hour

Grace Sayre

Down in my garden I see a rose
Burst into radiance
As the wind blows;
When I do not see,
Only the flower
Breathes the fulfillment
Of its bright hour.

Yet all the fragrance
Of honeyed bowers
Is held where the wind passed
Over the flowers.
Down in my garden
I watch the rose
Perfect its beauty
As the day grows.

The Olden Days and the New

Camilla Alexander

The world is getting funny
Since folks have got so wise;
They used to sell eggs by the dozen,
Now they sell them by the size;
They used to sell fruit by the peck,
Now you buy it by the pound.
If you have a dollar in your purse,
You can't make it go around.
I guess next they'll sell molasses
By the yard or by the lick
The way the world is going now—
It's surely changing quick.
And they're all so modernistic
You can't do this or that
One will say "Why that's illegal"
Or, Don't do that or you'll get fat"
Then, whatever people want today
They always seem to get,
And by the easy-payment plan
They're never out of debt.
In days gone by, when I was young,
The husband's wages kept the house.
Today the husband works the same—
So does his loving spouse.
But in those days, when husbands came
From office or from store,
With a nice clean gingham apron on,
His wife would meet him at the door—
"You're tired, Jim, but never mind,
Your supper's at its best.
Come in and put your slippers on
And then sit down and rest."
Now when husband comes
From office or from store
Worn and weary, tired out,
Hungry and footsore,
His wife will say, "What ails you, Jim,
You look so glum and blue?
All tired out? Well, don't forget
That I am tired, too.
So go and shave and change your clothes
And give your shoes a shine.
We're not eating supper home tonight—
We're going out to dine."
No wonder that next morning
They're sick and almost dead;
With all their work and worry
They don't seem to get ahead.
Oh, these modern days,
And oh, these times of style!
Give me the good old-fashioned days
When living was worthwhile.

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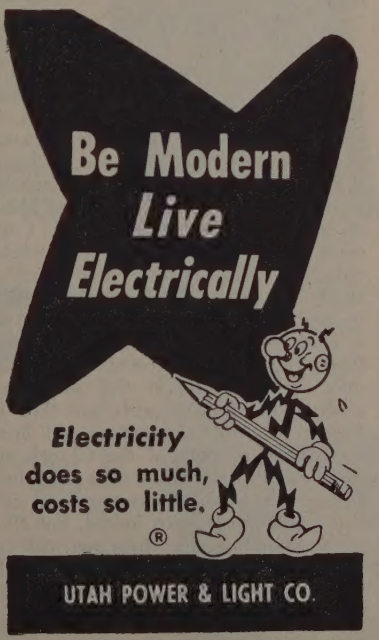

From Near and Far

Singing Mothers

There the faithful Singing Mothers
Raise their tender, lovely voices
Sing their gentle songs with gladness,
Cheer our hearts with their sweet music.

—*Vida E. Manning*

Singing in Relief Society Meeting

I'll say my thoughts as I stand to sing,
And hope that my Heavenly Father hears
The words in my heart I cannot say,
And know that I'm glad I came today.

—*Zina V. Marriott*

These poems were contributed in a poetry writing project inspired by appreciation for the poetry in *The Relief Society Magazine* and the literature lessons, and sponsored by the Garland (Utah) Second Ward Relief Society. Ten women participated in the contest, all of them contributing inspirational poems on Relief Society work and home and family life.

* * *

Yesterday the carrier left a copy of your *Magazine*, addressed to Mrs. Marie E. Leflang. I bought my home from the Leflangs in March. Apparently a change of address was not sent you, although this is the first copy of the *Magazine* left here. Between mails I took the liberty of reading several articles. And I was overwhelmed with some of the articles, especially "The Literature of England"—lesson 34—Alfred Lord Tennyson, Representative Victorian." I suppose it was a mere coincidence that this beautiful lesson (by Briant S. Jacobs) should come into my hands just at the time I was studying the English poets and their influence on American culture and literature. The program of the Church and its auxiliaries has reached such proportions that my few words of encouragement seem like a still, small voice indeed, but allow me to humbly express them and wish you joy and success in the work of the Lord.

—Sam J. Black
Mesa, Arizona

I am now eighty-six years old and have taken *The Relief Society Magazine*, with the exception of two years, ever since it has been published, and have always enjoyed it. One time when I was a little girl, and we lived in Salt Lake City, I was asked to give a poem in Primary. I didn't know we were going to have visitors. When Sisters Eliza R. Snow and Zina D. Young came in, I became a little nervous, and when they called on me first, all I could think of was the ladies sitting at my back. I gave the first part of the poem, and forgot the rest of it. I was going to sit down when Sister Snow put her arms around me and said, "Don't sit down, little girl, I am sure you know it. Just stand and think a minute." So I did, and recited the poem clear through. This advice helped me all through life to be able to stand and think a minute, as I have been a teacher in Mutual, Sunday School, and literature class leader and counselor in Relief Society. This is part of that poem I still remember:

Open the door for the children,
Tenderly gather them in—
In from the highways and hedges,
In from the places of sin.
Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold.
Open the door for the children
And gather them into the fold.

—Mrs. Minnie Champneys Nye
Logan, Utah

I just received *The Relief Society Magazine* for January and February, and I am certainly going to enjoy reading them. There is much in each *Magazine* that will help me in one way or another in my missionary work.

—Clara Borgeson
The Hague, Holland

The *Magazine* is lovely. No one could deny that. The lessons are grand, the stories sweet and good and true; the sermons full of faith and good works. Even the statistics nearly burst out of the cover with pride.

—Pearline I. Alley
Laketown, Utah

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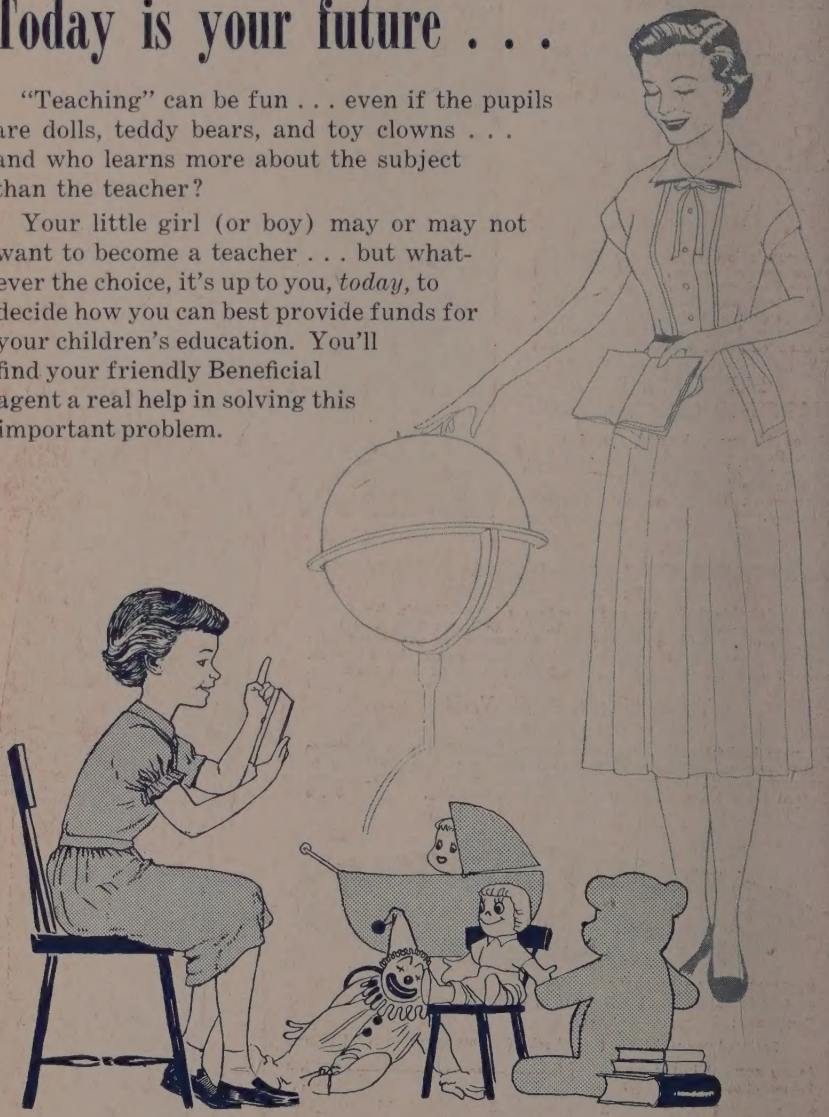

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